The

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"SUN-DOWN"

In flaming light the sun goes down
Behind the tow'rs of yonder town;
And spires, their tall and shapely heights,
Rear in the purple, ev'ning lights.

A grandeur wakes upon the sea,
In beauty of tranquility;
And peace unfolds her raiment white,
Upon the dewy dawn of night.

The harbour lamps are just aglow,
The sleepy sail is white and slow,
Upon the reef the moan of night
Sounds like the spectre of dim light.

Men pass me by with careless nod,
Few think on Man—fewer on God;
And loneliness upon me creeps,
Like isolation on the deeps.

I stretch unto the Heav'ns, my hands;
None looks on me and understands;
And from my soul a light is fled,
Like spirits passing to the dead.

In flaming light, the sun goes down;
With footsteps slow, I seek the town;
And all the wonder of the sea,
Is only sorrow unto me.

Herbert Porter.

IKKAVAMMA,

A MALAYALAM POETESS.

By C. N. Anantaramayya Sastri

THE Sanskrit saying, which states that poetry culminates in the drama, is perhaps applicable to Sanskrit *Nataka* (drama) most. Ikkavamma, whose husband was as well-known as herself, undertook the very noteworthy, and to her pleasant, task of dramatising the story of Subhadra and Arjuna in five acts. No character can be introduced without being artfully announced. No act is divided into compartmental scenes, except for the prologue, to which no supreme character can have access. No act can portray the events of more than one day, though fortunately for the dramatists, and more so for the good name of the science of dramaturgy, the interval between two acts can be of any length. Ikkavamma not only comes unscathed out of such ordeals, but has also given life-like representation to Krishna, the intelligent social reformer, to Balachandra, the inevitable master of orthodoxy, to Uddhava, the go-between, to Subhadra, the forward but reasonable bride, to Duryodhana, the intelligent but persistently bad counterpret of the hero, to Karna, the faithful but proudly unscrupulous associate of the hero, to Sakuni, the maternal uncle of Duryodhana who stoops to a lower level than Duryodhana himself, and even to the servants.

If, on the one hand, Ikkavu Amma has not lost sight of the requirements of modern times in dwelling on an old theme, as does Bernard Shaw in his drama *Joan of Arc*, she has not also failed to show her proficiency in Sanskrit in this Malayalam drama. She shows this, not by introducing untoward Sanskrit forms in the midst of Malayalam words, but by availing herself of an opportunity to introduce two Sanskrit *slokas* (verses). She makes Arjuna address Subhadra in a Sanskrit verse, when he has to leave her reluctantly, and makes Subhadra reply in the same way! We almost imagine the dramatist herself in the position of Subhadra. In Subhadra's *sloka*, the authoress unconsciously proves that she is familiar with the hero's sloka in Kalidasa's greatest work, *Sakuntala*, though she deftly adapts it to the heroine with fourfold effect. Sakuntala is made to understand that the lily does not suffer as much as the moon, when the sun is on the horizon, to illustrate that she cannot suffer as much as the hero from Cupid's arrows. Subhadra replies to Arjuna that the sun does not suffer from separation, as much as the lotus-pond; nor does the moon as much as the lily-pond. Kalidasa illustrates the meagre appearance of the moon during

day-time, if at all *he* (not *she* as in English) is perceived then. The poetess of Tottakkadu house refers to the starved appearance of the lotus and lily, when their spouses meet them the next morning and at nightfall respectively.

Ikkavu Amma also shows her familiarity with *Veni-Samhara* in the prelude to *Subhadrarjunam*, though Batta Narayana's Nataka had not been rendered into Malayalam when the drama we are considering was written.

No lady before or since has utilised scholarship in Sanskrit for the benefit of an Indian language with so much credit and honour, as Ikkavamma, the Malayalam authoress.

SPRING, LIKE A WHITE-ROBED ANGEL

Spring, like a white-robed angel,
Passed by my door in May:
She touched the blossoms pink and white,
She filled the bowers with delight,
But vanished all too soon
One lovely day in June:
Her silken skirts, like rustling leaves,
Made music 'neath the silent eaves,
But summer caught the tune,
As Spring went by in June.

H. P.

COMPANIONSHIP BETWEEN MEN & WOMEN

By W. R. S. S.

ALL over the world we find a certain amount of antagonism between the sexes. So, in certain well-known universities, the men resent the intrusion of women; there are exclusive clubs for men; even in men's clubs there are special rooms, which are *taboo* to women, and so on.

It is curious that this antagonism is so clearly evident in men; while, as far as can be seen, women are not inherently antipathetic to the company of men at most times; and, if women do fight for and succeed in getting institutions exclusively their own, they do so somewhat as a retaliation to what strikes them as the unreasonable attitude of the stupid male.

Tennyson's Princess writes:—

"O brother, you have known the pangs we felt,
What heats of indignation, when we heard
Of those that iron-cramp'd their women's feet ;
Of lands in which at the altar the poor bride
Gives her harsh groom for bridal gift a scourge ;
Of living hearts that crack within the fire,
Where smoulder their dead despots, and of those—
Mothers—that, all-prophetic pity, fling
Their pretty maids in the running flood, and swoops
The vulture, beak and talon, at the heart
Made for all noble motion : and I saw
That equal baseness lived in sleeker times
With smoother men : the old leaves leaven'd all:
Millions of throats would bawl for civic rights,
No woman named : therefore I set my face against
All men, and lived but for mine own.
Far off from men I built a fold for them."

We know the experiment was shattered by a rout of saucy boys, who broke in upon the women and marred their plans. From this, can we presume that women are weaker than men, and so must lean on them and seek their support or fail ? Surely, such an admission by women is not an indication of frailty, but of strength and wisdom and straight-forwardness ? To admit the truth is always a sign of greatness.

Take, however, the average educated man, especially the Indian. He

scarcely sees his women-folk during the mornings except perhaps at meals, when he may kindly exchange a word or two with them, if not buried in his paper. He spends the whole day in his office, returns home, changes and runs away to the club, to return late for dinner and then to bed. When asked why he does not bring his wife or sister to his club, he will generally, Adam-wise, say: "I asked her, but she wouldn't come". I submit that there are ways and ways of asking. If, as often happens, a woman is requested to come to the club in tones which clearly indicate that the man is nobly doing his duty, but that it is a great sacrifice and a nuisance to him to drag a woman about always, surely the woman, who not only is supersensitive in such matters but also is capable, unlike the average selfish, self-centred male, of self-sacrifice, will politely refuse, greatly to the satisfaction of the man, who goes off in a glow of complacent, having - done - my - duty, virtuousness, to grumble over his food and the worries of his household, when he does deign to return.

Suppose, oh wondrous chance ! — it does happen that a woman is persuaded to go to the club. She goes hopefully, wishing to be treated as a comrade and an equal. What then happens often enough? The atmosphere is strained because of her presence. The men feel awkward and cheated of what they imagine is their freedom. They fawn upon the miserable woman, fall over each other in offering ridiculous drinks, and jump about like marionettes scattering superfluous chairs about! So, the woman determines not to come again. She is too polite to say why, and the men grumble and say, "There you are ! Our wives do not like clubs. They prefer to stay at home. What can we do? We have done our best."

The littler the man, the more he pretends to be manly, and one of his conceptions of manliness is to avoid women in his hours of leisure. And, how does a man realise his manhood away from women ? He may indulge in crude jokes and drink too much. Is this manly? He may swear. Is this manly ? Is it manly indeed to behave at any time in a manner, which would not be *right* in the company of good women ?

Admitted that it is good at times for men to be by themselves and for women also, does it follow that it is good always to be separate? If recreation is essential to man as a relief from office work, so also is recreation essential as a relief from the woman's ceaseless domestic toil; and recreation in one another's company is not only cheaper, but vitally necessary. The crudities of man, which have nothing whatever to do with true manliness, want toning down by the gentle presence of womanhood. The charm and value of good companionship between men and women is inestimable. As Emerson says:—

"Meantime, as life wears on, it proves a game of permutation and combination of all possible positions of the parties, to employ all the resources of each and acquaint each with the strength and weakness of the other. For it is the nature and end of this relation, that they should represent the human race to each other. All that is in the world, which is or ought to be

known, is cunningly wrought into the texture of man, of woman".

[W. R. S. S. omits to note that part of man's avoidance of woman is due to shyness on his part, which makes it impossible often for him to be happy in her presence. Women would, of course, like to think that this *gaucherie* is due to an inferiority - complex; but surely man will not admit it! Then again, part of the awkwardness is due to woman's own self-consciousness, which is very apparent especially in India. A woman may go occasionally to a club; but will she make herself social there? Will she try agreeably to surmount the barrier between herself and the men? Or will she sit stiff and awkward, ever on the defensive against what may appear familiarity, but which on the part of the male is but an effort to be friendly. W. R. S. S., therefore, must not chivalrously lay the whole blame on the man. He is right, of course, in decrying the selfishness of the latter, when he tries to keep woman away from his own recreation, partly because he wishes to have his freedom, partly because he thinks woman, being inferior to him in skill as well as in physique, will spoil his sport. The latter fact is quite true, a woman does very often spoil a man's games. But, at the same time, as W. R. S. S. says, the man should put up with it, sometimes at least. Ought he not to consider that his loss in this matter will be equalised by gain in other factors? Has not woman very often to put up with man's untidiness, his carelessness, his superiority, when he does deign to bestow his society on her in his house?

Editor, I. L. M.]

"If a man and a woman love each other, marriage is the sweetest thing in the world. The heart of each is in the bosom of the other, and all their joy is doubled, and their sorrows made nothing of, unless it be the loss of a little baby, and then they know they will see it again. And nothing can bother them, not loss of wealth when they have each other, nor persecution when they have love between them. And the imperfections of each are welcome even, because they are something to be understanding of, gentle towards. And when one dies, the other dies a little too, and is purified and has little body. And the other is often near the remaining one, telling him, or telling her, that just a few springs or a few winters, a little revolving of the stars, and they shall both know the cool, untroubled eternity of God".

(Selected)

EDITOR'S NOTE

Demestic Science

THE words, "Make domestic science a part of the curriculum for women", have become a sort of *slogan* in India. To add to that, we have the new formula, "study the mentality of the Indian child." I grant that these two factors are very necessary in the education of the Indian woman; but, having done both, where shall we be? Shall we be satisfied? I do not think so. On the other hand, I am inclined to agree with the Indian gentleman, who said to a Domestic Science specialist: "My two daughters attend a High School and learn Domestic Science, but nothing they learn can be applied to our home."

This is quite true. There is no use in making Domestic Science a theoretical training in a theoretical school, even under the tuition of the very best of Domestic Science teachers. What is wanted, first of all is practical training. The lessons must be gradually instilled into our girls, and so pleasantly taught that they will become a part of their young mentality. Secondly, the teaching must be extended to include, not only the usually-recognised factors of domestic science; but also something outside, which is essentially a need of domestic culture. I mean the *making* of a home. Miss Park defines domestic science as "a study of the most fundamental problems affecting a home and community. Domestic Science was not in itself a true science, but rather a collection of applications to every-day life of various sciences such as Chemistry, Physics, Biology, Zoology, Physiology and Bacteriology." This is certainly a very necessary study; it is more necessary still to "apply the truths learnt to the improvement of the health and efficiency of homes or in the betterment of poorer sisters." These are very noble objects indeed; but what I am cavilling at is the full application of the words "the *efficiency* of homes." Time and again we have been told that Indian women should be taught in schools to run their homes well. But is this really being done? How can the teaching of a few dry-as-dust principles about hygiene and even cleanliness ever improve homes? I grant that girls may learn from them how to give healthy food to people. I grant they may even be taught the principles of motherhood and of looking after young children. But are they taught how to make home *home*?

Are they taught the courage to apply the principles they have been taught to practical life? Are they taught the humility necessary with the courage to carry out the ideas? No, and no. The weakness of modern youth, with all its good points, is carelessness and intolerance, which, even when not meant to be so, appear to the older generation as arrogance

and insolence The younger generation rubs the older generation up the wrong way; it meddles where it ought not to meddle; and the worst thing is that it destroys often without construction. Again, what is really necessary in the making of a home is not quite the food, not quite the comfort, not quite the arrangements; but something which includes them all, and yet which is outside them all;—a genial presence, which interests, charms and contents at once, which makes the inmates treasure the thought of home, and persuades guests to come again. I am glad that the All-India Women's Industrial Conference realised this point, when it laid down that "in all the education of girls in India, the ideals of motherhood and the making of the home beautiful and attractive should be kept uppermost."

I am glad also that The Lady Irwin College of Home Science at Delhi has at last been opened and that Lady Bhore said that its ideal was "to equip students with ability to fit themself for whatever sphere of life they might engage themselves in in after-life. For *instance, they might* be model teachers, wives, mothers and hostesses. Above all, they might radiate gentleness, hospitality and dignity, so characteristic of Indian womanhood." We hope that the college will concentrate on what is essentially necessary in this matter.

I hope I shall be pardoned *if* for a short time I discuss the arguments advanced against the inclusion of domestic science as an optional for women. Mr. Hanumantha Rao has declared that such inclusion will not lower the standard of women's education; that it does not militate against the freedom of women, in that it is optional; and that it is not true to say it is not cultural, since it is a very comprehensive course. I agree with him in many points. At the same time, I ask whether it is right to include domestic science as a university subject? I think not. It should really be taught in the High School, and later on there can be a *finishing* school or college to make the teaching practical. This ought to be in a separate institution. The inclusion of domestic science in the university course will make the latter too easy for women, since after all it is their own subject. No doubt, many women will look forward to this inclusion; but will they get much other education besides? Will not many of them just take domestic science and be satisfied? Is not a higher education, even though in general and apparently useless subjects, as necessary for women, as for men? I think it is and, by the inclusion of domestic science, such an aim may be frustrated. There is no use in making life too utilitarian and material. As Dr. Metcalfe said in the Mysore Senate sometime ago: "India has a lot of lee-way to make up in the sphere of women's higher culture. The matter is urgent, even more necessary on account of the women's contribution to the home environment of the rising generation, the present nature of which seems to be chiefly responsible for the fact that the Indian youth usually is less informed on general affairs and is intellectually less mature than his Western brother of similar age. An *important* effect, which will certainly follow on the extension of higher culture among Indian women, will be an

improvement in standards of living and a consequent improvement of physical and general health of the educated communities."

Then again, no doubt "the normal thing for the large majority of women is home-making;" but should they not know intensively about some other things besides? If "domestic equipment is what both man and woman have to use for their mutual benefit," and if "man should attend to one phase of domestic life and women should attend to another phase of it," then let a differential course of domestic science be included in the university curriculum for men also!

It is quite true that "the home of even a highly-cultured Indian hardly bears the stamp of civilized life, for the reason that his partner is not equipped with the culture that makes home a thing of utility, beauty and joy." But I would like it remembered that, in the first place, home culture cannot mean domestic science alone, but must include many other forms of general culture; and in the second place, home cannot be made a thing of beauty and joy, unless the spirit of domesticity is taught, as well as the sense of it. To teach domestic science, good teachers, patient and all-comprehensive, are required. They must know the science, not only by mere training at schools, but also by experience of the real thing. And the science of *home-making*, I shall not call it *domestic science*, must, as I said before, be taught in an institution by itself, and also by itself as a separate course. It need not necessarily carry a diploma or a certificate of merit with it; for why should our girls need to be induced by such to take up the subject? Imagine having a number of trained domestic science girls parading before a man who is seeking a wife; imagine making a diploma necessary as an eligibility for marriage! A terrible idea indeed! On the other hand, imagine a beautiful happy practising school, after a school or college career, to which many girls and women will flock, not for diplomas or certificates, but just for the pleasure of learning, in order that they make life beautiful for others! A happy thought indeed!

CHINESE WISDOM.

A mouse can drink no more than its fill from a river.

A clever man turns great troubles into little ones, and little ones into none at all.

Everything is difficult at first.

To do a good trade wants nothing but resolution; to do a large one, nothing but application.

Don't buy everything that's cheap and you'll escape being taken in.

Virtue is the base of the prosperity of an empire.

The loftiest towers rise from the ground.

A man without thought for the future must soon have present sorrow.

(From The Treasure Chest)

INDIAN ASTROLOGY

By Madabhushi

I am very much indebted to the Editor of the *Indian Ladies' Magazine* for giving me this opportunity to write a few words on Indian Astrology. Some believe in it, some laugh at it and the rest are quite indifferent to it. But the words, *lucky* and *unlucky*, are frequently used by all people, irrespective of their belief in Astrology, without thinking about the exact significance of these two words. When we analyse our own mind, we find that we use these words in circumstances subjected to influences, for which we cannot have any rational or logical explanation. What astrologers do is to attribute these influences to the planets, instead of calling a man either lucky or unlucky. By a careful analysis of the influence of the planets extending over ages, they undertake to predict even the lucky and unlucky periods. I do not want to enter into a detailed discussion of the truth or otherwise of astrology ; but I shall proceed to give a short account of it.

On a clear moonless night, we see the sky bedecked with shining stars. On account of the rotation of the earth, the stars which rise in the East set in the West. It appears as if the stars are fixed in a dome which revolves round us. The dome is called the *celestial sphere*. The Sun, the Moon and the planets do not occupy fixed positions in the dome with regard to the stars. The path of the sun in the celestial sphere is called the Ecliptic. The paths of the planets and the moon lie very close to the ecliptic on either side of it.

To fix the positions of the moving planets, the strip of the celestial sphere, in which their paths lie, is divided into 12 equal parts called the Zodial constellations or signs. Each of these signs is divided into 30 equal parts called degrees. There are further subdivisions for more accurate work, which we need not consider now. Astronomers have names to these signs as follows:— (1) Aries = the ram = Mesha. (2) Taurus = the bull = Vrishabha. (3) Zemini = the pair = Mithuna. (4) Cancer = Crab Karkataka. (5) Leo = the Lion = Simha. (6) Virgo = the maiden = Kanya. (7) Libra = the scales = Thula. (8) Scorpia = the scorpion = Vrischika. (9) Sagittarius = the archer = Dhanus. (10) Capricorn = Crocodile = Makara. (11) Acquarius = Water-pot = Kumbha. (12) Pisces = the fish = Meena.

The odd signs are called male signs and the even signs female. The male signs denote a fierce, manly disposition and the female signs denote a gentle nature.

Indian Astrology deals only with the seven planets, the Sun, Moon, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus and Saturn. But Western astrology includes two more, recently discovered

planets, Uranus and Neptune, the Indra and Varuna of Hindu Mythology. In Indian astrology, instead of these two, we have two more imaginary planets, Rahu and Ketu, which are no planets at all, but the two imaginary points of intersection of the paths of the Sun and the Moon.

The Sun represents the soul of an individual, the Moon his mind or *manas*, Mars, his energy, Mercury his speech, Jupiter his knowledge, Venus his worldly pleasures, and Saturn his worries.

Again, among the celestial beings, the Sun and the Moon exert very great influence on living beings of this earth, both by their proximity and size. They give us very life. The greater the heat and light to which any part of the earth is subjected, the greater is the presence of both animal and vegetable life. As such, the Sun and the Moon are the Kings among the celestial beings, Mars the Commander-in-Chief, Mercury the Prince of Wales, Jupiter and Venus are the ministers and Saturn is the servant.

The influence of the planets varies with their position in the Zodiacal signs. The Sun is exalted in Aries, Moon in Taurus, Mars in Capricorn, Mercury in Virgo, Jupiter in Cancer, Venus in Pisces and Saturn in Libra. Planets in their exaltation bring pleasure, happiness, influence and prestige. The Planets in their seventh houses from exaltation, are said to be debilitated. Mars, for example, is debilitated in Cancer, the seventh sign from Capricorn. Debilitated planets are powerless; they are responsible for all sorts of worries, loss of prestige, and influence.

For example, if the Sun and Moon are exalted in the 10th and 3rd degrees of Aries and Taurus respectively in a person's horoscope, he will be a King. But if they are delilitated in the 10th and 3rd degress of Libra and Scorpio respectively, the person will be blind, ill-dressed and penniless. Each planet is associated with a definite direction, a definite colour, a definite mineral, a definite precious stone, a definite duration of time, a definite kind of food and so on. With each zodiacal sign is associated a definite colour, direction, sex and so on, so that every phase of the highly-complex human life can be read with the aid of the planets and the signs in which they are placed.

On account of the rotation of the earth, every point of the ecliptic makes one complete revolution in a day of 24 hours. At any particular moment, some sign or other must be rising. The rising sign is called the ascendant. The next sign to rise is called the 2nd house and so on. The seventh sign from the ascendant will be diametrically opposite to it and therefore will be generally setting. The sign in the mid-heaven (vertically over-head) will be the tenth house according to this reckoning and the sign that has completely set is the 12th house.

The ascendant indicates the colour of the body, strength, health and fame.

2nd house:—family, wealth, speech, eyes, etc.

3rd house:—courage, brothers, cars, etc.

4th house:—mother, house-property, comfort, chastity in woman.

5th house:—intelligence, short journey, inherited riches and children.

6th house:—enemies and disease.

7th house:—marriage and conjugal happiness.

8th house:—married life in women, longevity and death.

9th house:—father, long journey, wealth, children in the case of women.

10th house:—profession and power.

11th house:—income.

12th house:—expenditure and salvation (Moksha).

These twelve houses with the planets, which are situated in them, are sufficient for every aspect of human life. I have attempted to give an idea of the fundamental principles of astrology in the preceeding few lines. Western astrologers, like Allan Leo and Sepharial, have discussed the influence of these planets, eclipses, sun-spots etc. on human life from a scientific point of view.

[N.B.—We do not hold a brief for astrology; but it is good to know a little about all things. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," says the immortal Hamlet, and who are we to gainsay him? Each one to his own belief, and may God speed the best ! EDITOR, I. L. M.]

"Women write books from several motives, the principal one being that, unknown to herself, a woman will get rid in this way of her own self-consciousness. It is hard on the public; *it is a blessing in* disguise to her friends. Some women write books, because they are lonely. An absorbing occupation, even if badly performed, helps to pass the time and they yearn to see themselves in print,—a most natural desire on their part, but one to be discouraged. Other women write, because they say they love it. I am not sure that this type is not the worst of the lot. They imagine, because they love it, they must necessarily do it well. The deduction is a poor one. And a few a very few, write because they have really something to say, something to tell, something new,—no not new, there is nothing new under the sun—, but a fresh way of telling an old story. A burning force, something stronger than themselves, which is another name for genius, compels them to speak, to give their message, and the world is the gainer"

(Selected)

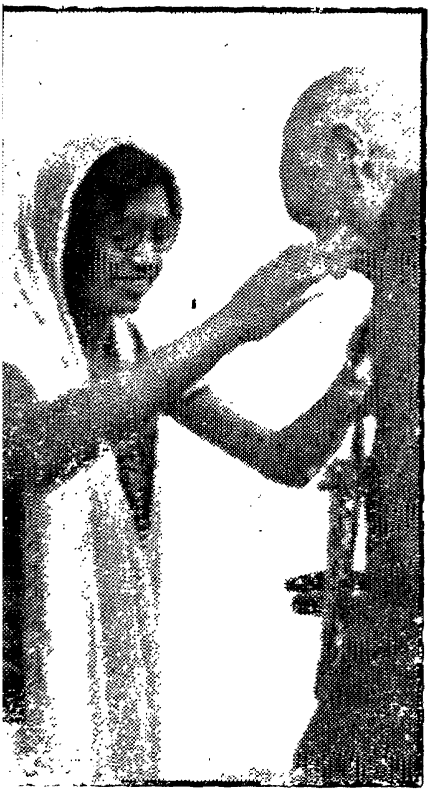
Miss. Nurjehan Khatur Jenetia Hussain, B.A., B.T., L.T.D.,

who has been appointed as District Inspectress of Schools, Ranchi. She is the first Bihari Muslim Lady to secure a teacher's Diploma from the London University.

Miss Kapila Khandvala,

a graduate of the Bombay University (B.A. B.T.), who proceeded to the United States in 1930, on the Levi Barbour scholarship of the University of Michigan. She took her M.A. degree in Sociology and Education in June 1931. In 1931-32 she was at the New York School of Social Work on the Elizabeth Gamble Fellowship, where she had practical training in different social work organisations. Before returning to India she visited social and educational institutions in England, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Italy, Soviet Russia and other places.

Photo:— *Indian News Agency. Srirangam.*



Miss. Barucha, a student of the Lady Irwin College of Women, garlanding H. E. The Viceroy, when he opened the institution in Delhi.

H. H. The Ranisaheb of Savantvadi with a black leopard, bagged in the Amboli jungles.

Photos : By courtesy of *The Illustrated Weekly of India.*

INTOLERANT WOMEN

G. K. Pillai

HOW intolerant, one exclaims, when a young wife shows extreme jealousy; but it is intolerance we must remember, born of the most intense and devoted love, the love for her husband, the love, that will not brook even the shadow of a rival.

A wife alone can feel that love. The image of the man, who won her heart fills it completely. It is her most valued and cherished jewel, and she guards it well and truly.

The husband may have his world of varied interests—his work, his sport, his hobbies, his pleasures, but his love is her world; she lives, moves and has her being in it. And this makes her intensely apprehensive of even imaginary dangers.

Possibly, at times, he interprets her passionate devotion to him as an irksome restraint sought to be imposed on him by the mere caprice of a too jealous fancy. He is perplexed, even annoyed. The truth is that he is unable to penetrate the depths of her love and devotion for him. His vision can sweep only over the surface of things, with perhaps a wider range and a more varied colour.

Possibly, again, her reason tells her, he is the same as before, the man who has won her heart; only the first onset of his passion has settled into a steady full stream of enduring affection, which is all hers, and only hers. But her ever-present anxiety, lest the idol of her heart should be injured or even stained ever so slightly, lends, at times, to her actions the appearance of unreasonable caprice. What is this anxiety but a phase assumed by the pure bright flame of devoted love?

This genuine love of a woman for her husband does not stop with his mere person. It grows with time; it extends to and embraces all that touches and concerns him, his home, his children, his health, his comforts, in fact, she comes to feel she has no separate interest from him at all.

Her husband must be happy at home, and successful and honoured outside; his children—and hers—must be happy, healthy, and well-brought up; his home, where she presides, must be bright, sunny and happy, no kind of cloud should darken it ever so slightly.

Such being her feelings and sentiments, and such too her anxiety to guard her man from anything that might disturb his equipoise, it is little wonder, that, to an outsider, she appears in the role of an intolerant woman.

Intolerant women! Let them be, for, they it is that keep "home fires burning," and rear up the nation's bulwarks and its ornaments—its glorious manhood and its radiant womanhood. They are the nation's guardian angels.

[N.B. And yet the world can do without intolerance!

Ed. I. L. M.]

DETECTIVE JANAKI

By K. S.

[Janaki is detected by her step-mother in an innocent flirtation with the undesirable Sivaram. Two alternatives are laid before her: she must either marry Natesan, *or have* her escapade reported to her father. *Hating* both, Janaki *runs out of the house. She meets* a stranger, called Seshan, whose matrimonial advertisement she has answered. She arranges to marry him, and gets his permission to carry on with her hobby, which is detective work.]

CHAPTER 4

Janaki and Seshan were quietly married, before their families knew anything of the affair. After that, the former had a violent quarrel with her step-mother, in which her father was as usual silent. Nothing was disclosed about the episode with Sivaram, the *step-mother being*, as Janaki knew, afraid of her own insistence on marriage with Natesan being disclosed. Sivaram himself had disappeared from their ken. Janaki, innocent as she was, felt no scruples about him at all and did not worry further about the matter. About her own husband, she kept an *open* mind, in spite of some unpleasant remarks her step-mother made about him. "You know, of course, that his father lends money at an unscrupulous rate of *interest. No doubt you are* happy because you have plenty of money now; but that money was earned at the cost of tears. Your Seshan was ready to marry any one, and so were you, any one except my Natesan. Well, I predict no good of this mad match, and I hope you will be punished well for *your disobedience.*"

The young couple left for Tarapur at last, where Seshan had taken work in the Government college. Janaki looked forward very much to her own house, where she intended questing for detective work. She did not wish to use the money, which her father-*in-law had settled on them.* She had said as much to Seshan, and he had agreed with her.

"How are you going to start your work?" asked Seshan, as they sat in their comfortable first-class carriage. Janaki had rather objected to such a luxury, having been rather parsimoniously brought up herself of necessity; but her husband evidently did not believe too much in saving, and after all, this was his honeymoon journey, he said.

"I don't know yet," she replied. "I shall wait my chance. It will come soon, I am sure."

"Haven't you any cut-and-dry methods then? Don't you wish to follow any special detective, Sherlock Holmes, for instance, or that great Frenchman, Poirot and—and—"

"*None of those indeed.* My method will be my own. I shall keep a perfectly open mind, harbour no prejudices, take things as they come, etc."

"Well, *that* sounds all right, but you must have some sort of aim,

mustn't you? Whom do you wish chiefly to help, the police, or people?"

"People, of course, especially women; and—and—I really wish to help them by working out certain ideals. I shall not take up every case, for instance, but just special ones, where some moral principles are brought out and emphasized."

"What are your ideals?"

"I really cannot say; but what do you say to this? I shall tell people that they must love India and not despise her ways. Then foreigners will come to respect us.

"How do you propose to bring that about?"

"I don't know. By just setting things right, wherever I can. For instance, if the criminal I detect is a very much Westernised man, I shall tell him he is properly punished for his defection of India."

"Ha-ha!"

"Don't laugh. You promised to be tolerant."

"I am not really laughing at you. Carry on, my dear."

"Then, I shall try to show that service to others is the best duty on earth. I shall hold up the dignity of labour and humble work. And I shall show that in true service, there must be no distinctions of caste or creed, birth or position."

"Brave!"

"Then, I shall tell people that they must be natural and single-minded and sincere; and then only will they be understood by the world. There must be a little more openness and frankness in life; not so much diplomacy or smugness, or conventionality."

"Splendid."

"And then I shall try to make women independent of men, yet willing enough to take good advice and recognise good intentions. There must be no antagonism to men; still we must strive for equality with them."

"I hope you won't become a suffragette."

"No-no," she said impatiently.

"What about politics?"

"Avoid them, except where they enter into my problems."

"Religion?"

"What is religion really except to obey one God and serve Him. Aren't we all of one religion ?"

"We are. My dear Janaki, if you will do all this, you will be a real benefactor to humanity."

"Will I?" she asked modestly; but immediately continued on a complacent note. "I shall do my best to help those who cannot help themselves, especially women, as I said. I shall help them in their home-problems, their domestic wrangles and difficulties. I shall unravel their little tangles, unknot their little puzzles, etc. What do you say?"

"That you have a very noble ideal in view. All that I ask is that you do not become a prig."

"Never," she cried indignantly, and then added with a smile, "but you must help me by keeping me in place."

"What I, a mere man? "

"Yes, you. Did I not say, women should take good advice? By the way, Seshan, before we enter into our life, may I ask you one thing ? Then, I shall try not to touch on it again. You said your past would be thought undesirable by others, and that you went into it in order to revenge yourself

on your enemy. How could you do that, Seshan ? What sort of a past was it ? "

"My dear, rest content, for I shall tell you nothing but this. Cannot good sometimes be done by wrong methods, though people do say that the end does not justify the means ? Cannot revenge on one evil-doer be the cause of attack on a whole class of evil-doers? But there, I have said too much; you must not worry me further. Have you forgotten our pact ? "

"No, no, Seshan; forgive me."

" Of one thing, however, I think I must warn you. If I see the man who wronged me, probably I shall go for him. I don't think I can answer for myself in that case."

"But I shall be there, my dear, to hold you back."

"I'll be glad if you will indeed."

CHAPTER 5.

When the train arrived at their station, the young couple got out, a rather distinguished-looking pair, he tall and manly, and she his feminine counterpart, being womanly and equally tall and in addition very happy-looking. Seshan accompanied the servant to the luggage-van to see to his heavy baggage; Janaki stood on guard over the smaller pieces. As she twirled her umbrella and idly watched the passengers, something seemed to catch her eye, and she eagerly bent forward. Her gaze was fixed on a man and woman passing by; they were evidently husband and wife, but their conduct did not savour either of the East or the West; for neither did he lead the way as in India; nor did he walk by her side as in Europe. Their attitude indeed savoured more of the gaoler and his prisoner; for he walked behind her and evidently kpet strict watch on her. His eyes were attentively bent on her every movement, nay even her glance. If they wandered at all from her, it was always to the rear. Following their look, Janaki was aware that another man was following them, a stout fair fellow, dressed in *Khaddar*, which suited him rather well. This individual had a rather assured look on his face, but seemed not to be aware of the others.

Janaki's brain worked hard. They were Indians; even if modern, they did not cater to European fashions; so there must be some reason for their attitude. The first two must be husband and wife. The husband evidently suspected his wife of something: and, since there was a suspected man at the back, he evidently thought her in collusion with that one. Why? It must be the eternal triangle; he thought her illegally in love with another man than her husband.

Was it a case of love-jealousy, or just possession-jealousy? Evidently the former, for the woman was a fair good-looking pretty creature; and there seemed to be yearning in his gaze, as well as suspicion and anger. Looking at the woman as she came to this conclusion, Janaki discerned that the poor thing was crying; and that too as surreptitiously as possible. So, she must be a good girl, innocent and not offending, except by mistake. Was she in love with her husband, or with the other man ? Ah! that could not be decided at once, Janaki thought. The husband seemed worthy enough to be loved; for, even with the scowl on his face, he was a fine-looking fellow, dark but boldly

handsome. She felt a touch on her arm and looked round. Seshan had come back, and was regarding her with a smile.

"Whither away, fair maiden? Where do your thoughts wander?"

"Just in front of me, Seshan; come here, close to me. Pretend, my friend, pretend. Don't be so obvious. There, that's right. Do you see that couple there?"

Under cover of extracting some change from his pocket, Seshan did as his wife requested.

"Yes, I see them," he replied.

"What do you think of them?"

"He is a bad-tempered fool, and she a pretty creature. Why, she is crying! I wonder if he has beaten her."

"I don't think so; but he is cross with her. And there is somebody else. I can't see him anywhere now. Seshan. I want to follow them. I must unravel this domestic tangle, and give them back their happiness and trust in each other."

"Did they ever have it?" he growled.

"I swear they did. Come, Seshan, find a way."

"Very well. You follow them out to the barrier. Here are the tickets. Wait for me there. Here, porter, hurry."

Janaki hurriedly went to the ticket-collector. Her suspected couple were just outside, in the middle of the usual out-going crowd, having got on to the main road. The other man was not to be seen. But, looking all round, she saw a hurrying figure on a side-road and felt sure it must be he.

She could not stand still. Her feet seemed to be on pins, her head felt unsteady.

Then, she heard Seshan's voice, and immediately felt a sense of relief. She was glad he was there to help her.

"All right, Janaki. Steady on. Here, *jutka*-man, bring your cart here. That's right. Porter, hoist this *saman* into it. Rama," he called to the servant. "You bring the other things to the T. B. Janaki, get in."

She hesitated. "And you?"

"Didn't you ask me to be skipper here? Obey me".

She grinned and squeezed into the bandy, which started with a terrific jolt. The driver cracked his whip, and they lumbered away. Janaki looked back and saw her husband on the main road. She leaned back satisfied. She reached the Travellers' Bungalow and was soon engulfed in the throes of arranging things, even though temporarily, in their part of the building. And all the time her mind was with Seshan and his victims. After a while, he arrived, hot and dusty; and sinking into a chair called for a lemon-squash.

"You are a nice detective, aren't you?" he grumbled to his wife. "You do the thinking, and I do the working, eh."

"It was you who elected to do it, not I," she retorted. "Well, what happened?"

"Nothing. I know where they live, that's all."

"Nothing happened?" she asked disappointedly.

"What could happen? You didn't expect him to kill her, did you?"

"Of course not, you silly man. What shall we do then?"

"Let's rest for a while. Then, after the food is ready, I must go off to college. Tell Rama to hurry, Janaki."

Janaki's further questions extorted the fact from her tired husband that their interesting friends lived in a spacious house in a large compound somewhere beyond the bazaar. But, if they had to walk from the station, how could they live in a big house?" she queried: but he did not reply. He had fallen into a doze, and so she was forced to be satisfied. In the afternoon, when her husband returned, she refreshed him with a very pleasant tea. A little later with a pretty smile she suggested a walk.

"Or better still, we can get a taxi and go for a drive. Let us go around the town and look for a house, Seshan. We don't always wish to stay here, do we?"

"And you wish to look for your two criminals, don't you? I must say, you make a pretty eager 'tec; but that you will be a successful one I beg leave to doubt. You are much too interfering, and you come to conclusions too quickly. Tell me all that you think, Janaki."

She told him, and he rather laughed at her, but so kindly that she was not offended. They set out on their drive, and, after a turn round, reached the part where their unknown friends lived. Seshan pointed out the house to his wife.

"Let's go in, and ask if the house is to let," she said.

(To be continued)

THE MATRIMONIAL COLUMN

H. Kaveri Bai

ACT I. SCENE I.

[Mr. Prakasam at his literary work, elbows resting on the table and hands holding his head. Kalyani standing by.]

Kalyani: Papa, won't you come in to dinner? You come straight from school and sit to those horrid papers. It is hardly two months since you were down with the 'flu, and you know Dr. Murty advised you to rest as much as possible. Come to dinner like a nice father, won't you?

Mr. Prakasam, (lifting his haggard face to his daughter's) I have no appetite, dear. Tell Mamma to go on with dinner. I am not inclined to eat at all. There's a darling, go.

Kalyani: Mamma won't eat, nor will I, unless you come. There, I have said it. We are quite strong and healthy, and you are so pale and weak. Why must we feed, when you, who are toiling for our bread, deny yourself?

Mr. Prakasam: Don't worry your poor head, child. I shall be all right soon. It is only this cut in my pay which is like a nightmare to me. Let me ear a few more rupees from my tuitio nd this book, to keep our heads afloat. Better wear out life, than face this awful come-down. *(sighs)*

Kalyani: Papa, you frighten me with that talk. What shall we do if y e? You are like the root of a

tree, and we the branches. Only, if you are fit and strong, do we flourish.

Mr. Prakasam, (drawing Kalyani close to him): My child, you don't understand. Your metaphor can be modified. Branches can be removed from the parent tree, and planted in the soil, where they strike out roots and grow independently.

I have done my duty by my eldest son and daughter. Yet, your brother has disappointed me. In spite of all the money I spent to educate him, I am nothing to him now. He enjoyed the lion's share of my earnings, which ought to have gone equally to you all, because I had hoped he would stand by me to bring up the rest of you. I had arranged for a bride for him with a rich dowry, which might have come in handy for you now. But he married after his own heart, and never looks at us now. The centre of his whole being at present is his father-in-law's house.

Then, after spending whatever there was left, to give your sister a dowry, I had to struggle hard to educate your other brothers. Gangadar is a sensible boy, works faithfully at his books. Anand is a thorn in my side; he wastes his time and my hard-earned money. He does not yet realize that he must make hay while the sun shines. His friends are quite enough for him.

But, let the boys go. My chief concern is for you. If I could see you comfortably settled, I could indeed die in peace. Do you think that, if I depended upon my salary alone, I could scrape together anything for your marriage portion ?

Kalyani: Papa, do not kill yourself on my account. Two years more, and Gangadar will be in a position to help you, and we can live in comfort. Who is to rejoice if you are in the grave when that time comes ?

Mr. Prakasam: My dear child, you are only sixteen, and a woman at that. What can you understand about the economic condition of the country ? I, for one, am not too sure that Gangadar will find a job waiting for him directly he finishes his B. A. You have no idea, how many hundreds are wearing out their lives, hunting for jobs, glad to sell their qualifications, experience and talents, for the lowest price that may be forthcoming, but without any success.

Kalyani: But Gangadar is such a clever lad, Papa. Somehow, he will manage to get a job.

Mr. Prakasam: What became of poor Govinda Rao, such a bright and promising lad ? His parents constantly reproached him for not getting employment, even when he was wandering day and night in search of one. He went to Madras on a wild-goose chase, thinking there would be plenty of 'work there. Tramping day and night for two months, he realized the hopelessness of the situation, and ended his troubles by hanging himself. Even his identity would not have been known, but for the S. S. L. C. register in his pocket. You know his story well, you have seen the agony and remorse of his parents. Would you have me drive Gangadar to his death like that ?

Kalyani: But Papa, you should not sacrifice your own life on any account. Oh, was not the cut on fat salaries enough, that even hand-to-month existences could not be spared! Is Providence blind ?

Mr. Prakasam: The 10% cut only

touches the luxuries of the highly-placed. For us, it is eating into our vitals.

But my child, you will please oblige me and be off to dinner. You have disturbed me quite enough. There's a dear, go.

Kalyani: One thing more, Papa; why are you so dead against educating me? I wept when you stopped me from school, and you would not be moved, even when the Headmistress came and begged you to permit me to continue. Though I have left school, I have not been idle, you know. I have been studying hard and improving my knowledge. If you would only put me to school again, it would give me the time of my life, and save you the worry about my dowry. I beg you, Papa—.

Mr. Prakasam: Kalyani, you know that I have forbidden you this topic. The world must not say that poverty forced me to send you out of the purdah, which is an honour for women; and I shall maintain yours at any price.

Kalyani: But excuse me this once. So many girls are leaving the purdah nowadays that nobody thinks of talking nonsense about them. Look at Savitri for instance.

Mr. Prakasam: You would make a rare lawyer in argument—a modern Portia! Savitri's father is a Collector, my daughter, whereas yours is only a poor school-master. Society will fawn on Savitri and trample you down. God grant that your future life may be as happy, as it is unfortunate now. You won't let me continue, you mischievous little minx? Very well, have your own way for once. I am going with you now, but you shall not disturb me like this hereafter.

(Exit both).

SCENE II

[Mr. Prakasam's room again. Enter Gangadar.]

Gangadar: Sir, let me help you.

Mr. Prakasam: Thank you, my boy; but if you can really spare the time, save up energy for yourself. Leave me alone. I am an old man and my days are done.

Gangadar: Is anybody very old at fifty, Sir? But you are burning the candle at both ends.

Mr. Prakasam: What would you have me do then?

Gangadar: Father, you must give up your tuition to me. I can easily manage that, since it is my own subject. As for sister, in our caste, girls are kept unmarried till twenty, or even longer. Sissy is only sixteen. Leave her responsibility to me, and have some peace of mind.

Mr. Prakasam: I am overjoyed to have so dutiful and affectionate a son, my boy. But, my lad, you do not know the world.

Gangadar: At least, let us educate Sissy, and make her independent. She is an intelligent girl, and a girl's education does not cost the same as a boy's if there is the right kind of school in one's own place, as we have here.

Mr. Prakasam: Stop! you have spoken enough. I am shocked at your want of self-respect. You have not spoken like a member of the family, whose ladies have for generations guarded their modesty behind the purdah. Gangadar, you must make a solemn promise, that, in case I die be-

fore Kalyani is married, you will not bring her out of her seclusion and dishonour my memory.

Gangadar, (sighs and answers reluctautly): I promise, father.

Mr. Prakasam: Our child is yet innocent. But young girls are apt to get giddy, and should be either sent to school, or given away in marriage.

Gangadar: An idea strikes me. I don't know how you will like it.

Mr. Prakasam: Go on.

Gangadar: You have seen matrimonial advertisements in the newspapers. Suppose we try the same agency!

Mr. Prakasam: What an idea!—That's the last straw at which a drowning men clutches—ha-ha-ha—And why not ? Am I not a drowning man ? But you forget that only articles of commercial value command a sale in the market. Ha ha ha.........My daughter.................without a farthing for her dower, put up for auction ! Just fancy !

Who wants virtue or beauty, unaccompanied by gold, my son ?

Gangadar: What harm is there in just trying, father ? There might exist some young fellow, not altogether given to the profit-and-loss method of estimating worth.

Mr. Prakasam: In that case, an advertisement is the worst method of securing such a man.

Gangadar: Leave everything to me, father. If the fates are kind, we may receive an unexpected reward.

(Mr. Prakasam does not answer, but sits with his face hidden.)

(Curtain)

SCENE III.

(A temple. Kalyani before Sri Krishna's shrine, garlanding the image.)

Kalyani: Lord of the Universe, Almighty God, a miserable mortal looks up to thee. Oh, hear my humble supplication !

Nothing is hid from thee, thou All-knowing One. Thou seest the anguish of my heart, even before my lips give utterance to it. The night is dark and dangerous. I, a timid girl, step out of the protecting shelter of my home, and tread the dark mazes of the silent streets to seek thee.

Oh, Son of Nanda, turn not thy face away from me, nor be silent. I ask not gifts for myself, but a boon for thy servant, my father, whose life is slowly ebbing out. Ah, hasten to save him, I implore thee. All things are possible unto thee. One word of thine will turn our hopelessness into joy.

Here, in my bosom, reposes a little phial containing painless death. I went to the hospital with a sore throat, and, somehow, when the doctor left me for a moment, managed to steal a bottle of chloroform.

Call it not theft, Lord. Thou didst steal butter for a jest. But I stole the poison for safety, if ruffians should lay hands on me in my lonely walks.

Give me leave to depart, and keep evil-minded *Rakshasas* from my path, as I retrace my steps homeward and grant that my nightly pilgrimage to this holy shrine, may not be known to mortal beings.

ACT II—SCENE I

[Durga reclining in an easy-chair with a newspaper on his lap. Enter Gopal, who blindfolds Durga playfully with his hands.]

Durga: Hands off, I say, or I'll go for you. Who can the silly ass be, but Albert ?

Gopal: Wrong, guess again.

Durga: Why Gopal, it's never you! Hands off, old sinner. Whence spring you so suddenly?

Gopal: From the clouds, to catch you snoozing at four o'clock in the evening, or day-dreaming about some fair damsel. Pray, which is it?

Durga: This is a scholar's den, my boy. Damsels are for you. But to what good fortune do I owe this happy meeting?

Gopal: I have come to tell you that we are on the selection list already.

Durga: Developing second sight?

Gopal: Can you be still living in Utopia my dear fellow? Some chaps can foresee the result before the test.

Durga: But I declare, it is vicious. Everything should be as fair in business as in sports. Ah, I could say bitter things, when I see jobbery, exploitation, and all the other wrongs, by which some take unfair advantage of others.

Gopal: Well, well, leave all that alone. Have you seen the matrimonial column to-day?

No? Well, just listen; I'll read it.

"Wanted a young and educated Naidu to marry a beautiful, educated and well-accomplished girl of sixteen. No dowry. Respectable family."

Durga: A girl of sixteen?

Gopal: You can safely allow a 20% discount.

Durga: Do you want to try?

Gopal: Bless your heart, man. What! A penniless girl? Can beauty and accomplishments help to pay one's passage to England or the States?

Durga: Will you never cease to be mercenary? A good woman can make you more happy than all your foreign diplomas and your wads of bank notes.

Gopal: A good woman may be anything you please. I have no faith in women.

Durga: I would not blast a woman's reputation, till I was sure that she is really smirched.

Gopal: Never mind. Are you game for a little adventure? Let us make the acquaintance of this young lady here, without her parent's knowledge, and see if she is really above reproach.

Durga; Your whole mind is so perverted, that you see everying distorted and out of shape.

Gopal: The same applies to you. Nothing can convince you that the number of really virtuous men and women in the world is a negligible quantity.

Durga: If you admit that there are virtuous people in existence, I am satisfied, though I don't agree with your ratio.

Gopal: Therefore, I suggest this adventure. If the girl of this advertisement is of the Madonna type, it will help to straighten my *crooked* outlook.

Durga: What business have you to meddle with her affairs, when you don't mean to marry her?

Gopal: Am I obliged to give any explanation to you? Then have it. I want a little amusement.

Durga: You vile, insinuating, malicious old serpent, what has that poor girl done to you to provoke such heartless villainy? Well, I have an idea too. I am sure that this advertise-

ment is a sham one, put in out of sheer malice or some jealous hatred. Then you will find yourself in a nice pickle.

ACT III SCENE I

[The temple again, Kalyani kneeling before the image. Gopal prowling near, watching her.]

Kalyani: Is it all in vain that I turn to thee for succour?

That suitor, who came for my hand, has gone disappointed, because I possess no worldly fortune. But let that be, I care not what becomes of me. But, Lord, hasten and save my father. He is stricken down, because I am rejected.

These are flowers gathered on the hedge, but they contain the offering of this humble heart. Lord Gopala, accept this garland and give me my heart's desire.

Gopal, [entering]: Lady, my name happens to be Gopal. You have called upon me. Can your humble slave be of any service?

Kalyani, (shrinking from him): Sir, who may you be? Kindly let me pass.

Gopal: So soon? When you leave your bed at dead of night, and make excursions abroad, you can surely stay for a little *tete-a-tete*. You must have prepared yourself for an adventure before you started?

Kalyani: Sir, these are evil words. You can see that this is the house of God, and can understand that I came here for no evil purpose.

Gopal: Maiden, many things are done in the house of God. Nay, God has answered your prayer in sending me to you. Don't feel shy, but come to me.

Kalyani: Where will you take me, Sir?

Gopal: Wherever I go. You shall be my queen.

Kalyani: Sir, if this had been God's answer to my prayer, you would have gone to my father, and spoken to him. You would not waylay a helpless woman like this.

Gopal: Yes, I have been to your father who was not prepared to part with a few thousands for you. Still I did not want to return, without a sight of you. And so I have been hanging about the house. I thanked my stars, when I saw you stealing out in the middle of the night, and I shadowed you all the way down here. You are a beautiful woman and I want you. There are many kinds of marriage. I want to be your Dushyanta, and you to be my Sakuntala. Even if I marry another woman for her millions, those millions shall be at your feet. Your father shall be free from his anxiety about you, as soon as you choose me.

Kalyani, (standing with face covered.): And so you are the honoured guest we entertained in our house for three days? Sir, if there is a scrap of honour anywhere in you, go your own way and leave me alone.

Gopal, (with vicious laughter): Honour, virtue and goodness are all relative terms, my lady; they have no absolute value. Do not be duped by meaningless ideals. In any case, your reputation is doomed.

Kalyani: Away with you! I shall guard my name to the last breath.

Gopal: Are you so sure about your fair name after this interview

my furious beauty? Where will that name be when I publish the fact of our midnight meeting here?

Kalyani: God and man are against me. But, Sir, being a human being, you must have a human heart somewhere. As a man, is it not your duty to protect a woman from evil? I appeal to your chivalry. Oh Sir, spare me. If the world judges me unfairly, on account of circumstances, I shall still rejoice in a free conscience.

Gopal: Shall I now let you flout me with all your pretty speeches? Don't you know that with all your grand ideas, you are on the hammer, like a beast for sale?

Kalyani, That's a lie! A most wicked lie!

Gopal: A lie? Then I will be honest for once. Will you kindly explain what this means? (Draws out the advertisement and the correspondence about herself and shows them to her). Do you still doubt?

Kalyani, (sinking against the altar with a bloodless face.): Did my father really advertise me like that, my father who held family honour more sacred than life? Is it true, or am I dreaming?

Gopal: If it were a dream. better give in to me, so that, when you wake, you will be none the worse for it.

Kalyani: Yes. You are right. Betrayed by a parent and forsaken by God, where shall I go, to whom shall I turn for help? But first let me go to my house, and take a last look at those faces which I shall never more see.

Gopal: You won't escape, once I let you go?

Kalyani, (with hollow laughter.): When you have the power to publish and proclaim my history? If you doubt me, keep this jewel. Give me a sheet from your pocket book and I shall record my promise in my own handwriting and under my own signature. Can I commit myself in a more damning way? My father's perfidy—God forgive him—has driven me to this. There is a limit to human endurance.

Gopal: Well, I can see you are in dead earnest. I shall follow you as far as your gate and wait for you there. Join me in fifteen minutes, will you? You shall not regret coming to me.

SCENE III

[Kalyani's bed-room. Kalyani sitting on the edge of her bed and giving way to silent grief.]

Kalyani: It is done. I have taken my last farewell of those, who were all in all to me in this world. My father groans in his sleep. My mother lies like one petrified with sorrow. Gangadar is tossing on his bed, raving about his books. Anand lies snoring as if the world had no cares. I am the youngest, but my life has been the stormiest.

This humiliation has filled my cup to overflowing. I have drained its bitterness to the dregs. What have I done to deserve so much pain?

Perhaps there was some awful crime in a past existence, of which I know nothing now. The penalty ought to have been exacted then, not when I am so harmless and deserving of pity, not when I have spent my sixteen years of life in worship and devotion, trying to lead a blameless life. Man-forsaken, God-forsaken, what is left for me?

The wicked man at the gate has given me fifteen minutes' grace. I live only fifteen minutes more. It is hard

to think—but peace and oblivion are welcome. I shall foil him in a way that he least suspects. (Gets up and goes to the table and takes out writing materials).

My first and last letter to my father and mother. They shall hear me speak, after I am dead. There is no other course. Should I live, ignominy, worse than a hundred thousand deaths, will be their portion and mine. (She sighs and writes.)

It is done, my second task. The final act of my life's drama is over. I shall place the letter on my pillow and lie down as if to go to sleep. But I shall never wake again. What a brilliant thought, that made me purloin this blessed phial. Yes, I shall be safe and happy soon. Good-bye, Papa and Mamma, and my brothers and sister. I am paying for your peace of mind. It is a blessed privilege. Good-bye, my life, with all its sorrows and troubles—too heavy to bear. God shield all innocent women from the clutches of yonder devil at the gate! (She takes the phial out of her bosom, stretches herself on the bed, draws the sheet over her whole length, covering herself from head to foot like a corpse, pours out the chloroform on a handkerchief and holds it tight to her face.)

A PLEA FOR SAVING

In these stirring days of retrenchment and economy, one vital problem that presses most for an early solution and one that receives considerable attention at the hands of modern economists and publicists, is the question of individual saving, as the basis of national economy and ultimate greatness.

It is sad that, in Indian households, economy is little practised by youngsters and elders. Little boys and children do often prove spendthrifts and their wasteful practice has done more harm than good in that it has strongly implanted in their minds a tendency to ignore entirely the benefits of a little saving which, as time goes on, develops into a small capital, which in turn furnishes a safe investment for future use. As saving is understood to mean postponed consumption when divested of its economic garb, any member can provide himself with fine opportunities to use his capital later with the utmost degree of advantage possible. Though at first sight this may appear a commonplace and rather mean thing for most to follow, I am certain that it will surely answer the imperative need for external capital in India, whereby most Indian industries are financed today.

In order to combat the pernicious practice of extravagance, I would humbly suggest that, to begin with, Indian parents and guardians should educate their boys and girls in the mechanism of individual saving and inculcate in their youthful minds a sense of economy coupled with its manifold advantages. Every day, any trifling amount, say, an anna or more as the case may be, may be kept apart. As days, weeks, months and years roll by, the amount will

increase and this sum can be periodically deposited in the Savings Bank, which is not only a place of safe-keeping, but also gives interest on the deposit. With the advance of years, when boys grow up to be energetic youths and strong men, as a first start in life, they can buy some shares with their saved capital in any industrial concerns, hoping later to become managers and so rise until they are flourishing business magnates. In the case of girls, the amount can be used for marriage expenses or for some emergency, for which the need of capital may be keenly felt.

V. Thangaswami

CHILDREN'S PAGES

(1) THE DECEITFUL JACKAL

A jackal and a pig had been friends for a very long time. They roamed together, fed together and lived together. But a time came when food was very scarce for the jackal, whereas the pig always had plenty of roots and fruit to feed on. So, as the days passed, the jackal became thinner, while the pig grew fat and plump. The jackal compared his miserable condition with the pig's healthy condition and he got ever so jealous, "If I go on like this any longer," thought he, "I shall surely perish and the pig, maybe, will feed on my carcase." And he worked himself into such a rage that a very cruel and wicked plan entered his head.

"Friend pig," he said casually one day, "I cannot imagine how you relish dry roots and stale fruit for a meal. I know of a plantation where the sugar-cane is exceedingly sweet and juicy. Do you desire to eat your fill ? Then come, follow me."

The simple pig, glad at the prospect of a change of diet, and without any suspicion of what was in store for him, willingly followed the jackal, who did indeed lead him to a very fine sugar-cane plantation. Here, the pig, with the greatest satisfaction, began to crunch and munch the juicy stalks. While he was enjoying himself, the jackal broke silence.

"Friend pig", he said, "I have an inclination to howl. Do you mind ?"

"For mercy's sake hold your tongue" cried the pig. "The watchmen will come upon us. You can run fast and escape; but I'm not fleet of foot; I'll get caught."

"I can't help it, pig," persisted the jackal. "We jackals are like that. But have no fear. I'll howl in a low tone." And he had his way.

After a while, however, he again made the same request, and though the pig refused stoutly, he did as he wished. A short pause and he wished to howl still more; and, in spite of the pig's pleadings, he raised his voice so loud and long that the watchmen were roused and came pelting to the spot with sticks and spears. Both jackal and pig, of course, bolted; but, as the poor pig was stout and ungainly, he was soon caught and beaten to death, and his body left to lie where it had fallen.

When the watchmen had withdrawn and all was quiet, the jackal returned to the spot in great glee. "Ha ! ha ! " he laughed, "my plan has met with success. I can eat my fill now"; and he licked his lips and gorged himself upon his late faithful and trusting friend.

"Well I'm full", he breathed at length. "And this portion of the rump still remains; it will answer for tomorrow. But how about the day after and the days succeeding ?" He thought deeply and suddenly exclaimed: "Ah ! I know. This rump will be the means to ensure my future meals." So say-

ing, he took hold of the rump and went to a drummer.

"Mr. Drummer," he said, "will you sell me a drum ? I shall pay the price of it in pork."

"Yes, certainly," said the drummer as he brought out a drum. "How much weight will you give ? "

"Four pounds. Get me the scales and weights." But the drummer had no sooner stepped into the house for that purpose than the mean jackal ran away with both drum and pork.

Now two days later the jackal, taking the drum, stealthily entered a village temple and concealed himself behind the seat of an idol; and being sure that in that position he would not be observed, be began to beat the drum lustily with his paws. The noise attracted the cottagers to the temple. Very strange it seemed to them that the sound of drumming should proceed, as it were, from the belly of the idol. They took it for a summons and prostrated themselves, saying: "O gracious goddess, behold thy humble servants. Speak and we shall obey."

And the wily jackal made reply : "O ye villagers, you offer me fruit, but never flesh. Listen. I command that two black fowls be sacrificed to me every day. Take care to leave the fowl at my feet and to withdraw and shut the temple door. And let no man dare to enter the temple for worship, until my anger is appeased and it pleases me to speak again."

The villagers promised to do as they were told and withdrew in great fear.

So then, by this cunning dodge, the jackal ate fowl to his heart's content for several days. He found life so easy and his quarters so cosy, that he seldom went outside, except it be at night-fall to drink water.

But, while the jackal enjoyed his days, the cottagers talked about the affair. One intelligent fellow suggested that it was proper with a deity to eat wholly all that was offered, and not leave feathers lying about as if some animal had fed greedily. So some bold men determined to keep watch; and, one day, after the daily sacrifice, they peeped through the chinks in the temple door.

Behold ! They saw no god but a common, live jackal. Sticks were fetched; the temple was surrounded ; the door thrown open. The jackal, his deceit discovered, tried to make a bold dash for liberty, but was overpowered and clubbed to death. Then his lifeless body was hung up high on a tree for the crows and kites to peck at.

He had paid the price of his deceit.

H. OSWALD PEREIRA.

(2) OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Dear Children,

It is a very important factor in one's life to develop a sense of responsibility, when one is still young, especially public responsibility. Many of us are apt to think, that, being only a few in the midst of thousands, it does not matter how we behave, or what we do. But just think, if all of us do things that ought not to be done, trusting that they do not matter, what a horrid place the world would be to live in.

There is one particular thing I would like to emphasise in this letter, and that is the scattering of rubbish and litter in public thoroughfares and in parks and picnic resorts.

Almost every street in India and even the main roads are scattered with paper, dry leaves, cigarette wrappers, tram and bus tickets and other *debris.* No one thinks twice of reading a letter, tearing it into pieces, and throwing it on the road in India. "Others do it," they say—"why shouldn't we?"—and so it goes on—until our India, our beautiful country, looks dishevelled and untidy, and the reputation goes abroad that Eastern cities are well-known for their rubbish.

Most of the girls and boys in England are taught this sense of public responsibility in their schools. When they are taken out to picnics, the

master or mistress in charge is very careful to see that no pieces of paper or other rubbish is left behind. The picnic resort has to be left clean and fresh, just as it was when they first went there. There is a regular campaign going on all over England, and in other cities of Europe as well, to keep the country absolutely clean.

Do you not think that it is up to us to do something like this for lovely India? If each one of you remembers your own duty, and never leaves any rubbish behind, but is always scrupulously clean in habits, you will do a great deal towards the development of a beautiful nation.

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

TOPICS OF THE DAY

By an Indian Woman

(1) Women's Rights.

New proposals have been made by the representatives of the All-India Women's Conference, the Women's Indian Association, and the National Council of Women in India, after the publication of the *White Paper* suggestions, regarding *franchise* for women. After urging that the principle of equality between the sexes should be definitely placed in the declaration of citizenship rights in the Constitution Act, the proposals recommend that men and women should be eligible for equal memership in the Upper House, the property qualification for which should be supplemented by educational qualifications; that they are opposed to reservation of seats for women both in the Provincial and Federal legislature; that they object to the election of women to the Federal Assembly from the Provincial legislatures by the indirect system; that the communal award should be protested against and a system of joint electorates be demanded; and that, since adult franchise cannot be granted, the following system be recommended :

"(a) We recommend that for women literacy (ability to read and write in any one language) should be substituted for the higher educational qualifications proposed in the White Paper for voters in the elections for the Provincial Legislatures, and the same qualifications, viz., literacy (ability to read and write in any one language), be the standard for women voters in the election for the Federal Legislatures.

(b) We accept the property qualifications as recommended in the White Paper for eligibility to vote in elections to the Provincial and Federal Legislatures.

(c) We strongly disapprove of the proposed special condition under which women may be enfranchised, namely being the wife or widow of a person possessing the property qualification at present entitling him to vote for the Provincial Legislatures, and we consider that our rights as citizens should not depend on marriage. We would therefore recommend that in addition to (a) and (b) women of 21 years of age and over be enfranchised in all urban areas. The number thus enfranchised would be approximately seven millions and odd, including those already enfranchised under (a) and (b) in the urban areas. The registration of voters should, we recommend, depend on the personal application of the claimant."

Mrs. Subbarayan thus criticises the suggestions for franchise:

"It is surprising that the new memorandum of the three organisations of women accepts the highly restricted and differential property qualification recommended by the White Paper for the Federal Assembly franchise. Unfortu-

nately, the memorandum gives no reasons to explain why the representatives of these organisations are prepared to accept a property qualification for the Federal Assembly franchise, which progressive opinion in India and England has declared to be unduly restricted.

I am surprised that they are proposing that 'the registration of voters should depend on the personal application of the claimant'. It is not clear whether this recommedation applies to *all* voters. In any case this condition will be *very* hard on women.

I have grave doubts whether the new proposal of some of our women to enfranchise all adult women in urban areas as a means for raising the voting strength of women will be accepted as a practical and reasonable measure. Certainly there cannot be any objection from women to the women's electorate being enlarged by the adoption of this measure in addition to the recommendations of the Indian Franchise Committee. But it will be most unfair to substitute this proposal in the place of the recommendation of the Franchise Committee prescribing the possession of a specified property qualification by the husband as a special qualification for women. I have no doubt that if such a scheme were adopted it would differentiate unfairly between women in urban areas and those in rural areas. Statistics show that far more women will be qualified for the franchise, in urban areas than in rural areas under a property or tax qualification. There is no doubt that under an educational qualification too, however low it be, the number of women qualified to vote will be considerably larger in urban areas than in rural areas, as education is certainly more advanced in towns than in villages. The new proposal to have adult franchise for women in urban areas only will of course be of no value to women in rural areas. I feel that a fair distribution of voting power is as important a question as that of having an adequate number of women voters on the electorate. I feel that this contention does a serious injustice to the educated few in villages, who are doing useful public work. They certainly deserve encouragement to stand for election to legislatures and I am sure that their practical experience of work on administrative public bodies will be of great value in the deliberations of our legislatures. We must bear in mind the importance of the educative value of the franchise itself to women. In India, women in rural areas are in a much less advanced stage than the women in urban areas and they specially need the stimulating effect of the franchise to awaken in them a full sense of civic responsibility. It should also be noted that in a vast and predominantly agricultural country like India the population in villages is much larger than that in towns and hence forms the bulk of the total population in the country. Such a large population will receive only a neglible share of women's votes under this new proposal Is it fair to deprive these women of their rightful share of the women's vote and all the advantages that go with it. From personal knowledge I have no hesitation to state that women in rural areas believe that it is neither strange nor wrong for a woman to have the vote by virtue of her husband's property qualification, just as she accepts his name and shares his home. I am also sure that there is a strong desire among them to have that franchise and I am confident that they will make good use of it when they secure it. For these reasons I would strongly urge that the proposal of the Indian Franchise committee to prescribe the husband's property qualification as a franchise qualification for women should not be abandoned."

In a very interesting letter written to the *Hindu* about franchise proposals for women, Mrs. Lakshmi Menon deprecates the suggestion of the White Paper that a sufficiently high educational standard be made uniform for both the sexes, which will tend to make the disparity between men and women greater. The present proportion of 39 men to 1 woman voter, which would

have been reduced to 5 to 1 by the Lothian Committee proposals, will have now to be subjected to the wide difference of literacy among men and women, that of the former being 15:6, while that of the latter is only 2:9, half of these probably being disqualified by being under age.

The women of India, says Mrs. Menon, "will continue to hitch their waggon to the star, notwithstanding the usual absurd comments about their proposals being too idealistic." In spite of the general opposition to the election of women, the fact remains that, in municipalities at least, special intelligence among women is not lost sight of, but preferred to average talents in men, as shown by the election of women candidates like Mrs. Mitra, Mrs. Nehru and Mrs. Sukthanker. There are many prejudices against women in India; at the same time, however, they are not really regarded as less than men. That Indian women will not be too unworthy of trust is apparent from the fact that, while men on all sides were agitating for separate electorates etc., women universally united in refusing all communal and other differences. "They did not even mind if they were not returned to the future legislatures for the next 100 years; all the tempting baits put forward by the Lothian Committee for the reservation of seats did not produce much response from women."

Such a wide bond of sympathy must naturally draw all women together in a common ideal of service. Instead of undignifiedly rushing into electioneering campaigns, women will, we hope, "know that the larger interests of the country will entice only a few from the domestic sphere; the large majority among them will continue as before but with an awakened consciousness. They will rouse themselves from the depressed feeling of utter helplessness and take interest in what concerns them and the country. Such an awakening is possible only by sweeping changes, by rousing the masses into political consciousness."

And this awakening can only come about by abolishing gradually the illiteracy now existing among the great population of India. Unless the minds of our mass population are freed by education, there can be no possibility of a universal desire for legitimate privileges.

(2) Conferences of Hindi Poetesses.

The first meeting ever held of Hindi poetesses was the All-India Mahila Kavi Sammelan, which met at Allahabad in April, presided over by Srimathi Subhadra Devi Chouhand, a famous poetess of the Central Provinces, and attended by about 1000 women. The conference, we are told, which owed its inception to the efforts of the Vice-Chancellor of the Prayag Mahila Vidyapitha, had as its aim the encouragement among women of the study of old and new Hindi poetry. Some interesting points were brought out in the speeches of the chairwoman and the president. Poetry, it was pointed out, gave a better opportunity of expression for men than for women, since women re-acted more quickly to its emotional side. The poet, it was true, "moulded in his own exquisite way the principles of the historian, the sociologist and the religious preceptor;" but it was upon the hearts of people that the impressions were made. "It was love and sacrifice, which raised human beings above the level of brutes, and who had ever sacrificed and loved like women? It was woman, who had inspired man to his greatest deeds and highest devotion." Moreover, without the help of women no poetry could be perfect, since a woman alone could describe the feelings of a woman. And it was woman who, by not imitating the language of men, should see that the language of poetry was not warped, so that "there would be a gulf of difference between the popular and tho literary language."

Different periods in Indian poetry were mapped out. The Vedas, being the oldest literature of the world, expressed a great deal through the heart and so women were able to contribute their proper share to literature in the Vedic period. Then came

he time when philosophy took the lead in poetry, and during that time women fell back. When Hindi poetry was started, women again became prominent; and we get wonderful poetry from Mirabai and other poetesses. In later years, women were contributing a good deal to *Khariboli*, or *Chyayabad* Hindi poetry.

Many resolutions were recorded, not only requesting encouragement for women-versifiers, in towns as well as in villages, but also advising the adoption by poets of their verses to modern conditions and modern information. Every year, an All-India Mahila Kavi Sammelan should be held, and prizes should be offered for the best books and poems of the year, as had already been done by some people in Calcutta.

(3) Lady Irwin College for Women.

We are glad that the Lady Irwin College for women in Home science has at last been opened. We wish it every success. Owing its inception to the second All-India Women's Conference, and guided by a special comittee of women educational experts, the College ought to do well. The aims of the committee are ideal: "They decided to confine them selves to Home Science for the present. There were two courses, one being for the training of teachers in Domestic Science, comprising among other subjects, Physics, Chemistry, Physiology, Dietetics, Hygiene, Public Health, Civics, Mothercraft, needlework, music, painting, and gardening. They aimed, furthermore, at starting courses in Physical Culture and allied activities.

A practising school would later on also be necessary. In regard to the non-teachers' course, it consisted of a year's syllabus, and included most of the subjects of the longer course, but without technical subjects like Physics and Chemistry."

(4) Mysore Women's College.

We are glad to note that there is a prospect of starting a Residential College for women at Bangalore, by the union of the two existing colleges both now ill-equipped. As Dr. Metcalfe, the Vice-Chancellor of the Mysore University, said: "The University to-day is touching merely the fringe of the problem of higher education of women, and it shonld be its object to attract in much larger numbers women students, who aro destined to undertake as their life's mission the cares and responsibilities of the home.

"At this time of rapid change and development of social institutions in India, it is the duty of our Universities to fit the whole educated population for new privileges and responsibilities. Up to now the appeal has been directed almost entirely to the male half. We must now turn our attention more particalarly to the hitherto neglected half of the domestic unit. The importance of an intensive campaign in this direction can hardly be over-estimated.

"In view of the importance of the matter from general considerations and of the immediate necessity for removing our women students from cramped quarters and unhygienic conditions, I am strongly of opinion that the Mysore University should take the step of instituting a worthy college for women as soon as may be practicable."

(5) Rescue work in Madras.

We are glad that there is a scheme afoot for training women in rescue work. Miss Shepherd, the expert worker, we are told, is intending to take up the work. It is indeed right that it should be realised that real reform can be gained chiefly by a personal appeal to the better side of human nature. It is all very well to close brothels and to force unfortunate women into rescue homes. But it is better still to educate them for the better. This is a work "for good women, selfless women, educated women." Particulars of training can be had from the Secretary, Women's Indian Association, Egmore.

(6) Mrs. Dass on Travancore Women.

Mrs. Saranghadhara Dass (Madame Freesa Houseworth), in her address to the students of H. H. The Maharaja's School of Arts, remarked that she had visited South India with the explicit intention of learning from

actual experience the difference between women of North India and South India. She was pleased to say that Travancore women seemed more liberal, more free and their sense of duty more keen. She observed that Travancore women were fully aware of the enviable powers of womanhood and that they did not feel ashamed of them. Northern Indian women, though they ruled the home, were inclined to hide the fact from their husbands; but in Travancore women used all their powers without diffidence.

Turning to education, Mr. Dass deplored the discouraging fact that modern education tended to be more useful for job-hunting rather than for cultural progress. It put back some homely instincts and methods; not teaching girls the things they required, such as home-keeping, handicraft, child-rearing, hygiene. cottage-industries and home decoration, which were all essentials to real womanhood.

She was glad that a committee of distinguished educationists had been appointed to enquire into, and report on, education in the State. She suggested that systems of education different for boys and girls should be adopted in elementary, secondary and collegiate studies; that throughout more attention must be focussed on practical affairs than on purely literary matters; and that women's education should be inseparably linked to their life and growth.

(7) The Women's Political Union of Ceylon.

The fifth annual report of the *Women's Political Union of Ceylon* is an encouraging one. The work of the past year, we are told, was spent in studying general conditions and necessary reforms. Though it might be thought that the Union had not been active enough, yet it was watchful of women's problems, and regularly met to discharge duties. It will be remembered that it played a good part in obtaining the vote for the women of Ceylon, without which there would be no women sitting on their State Council today. It must also be noted, says the report, that unless there is a standing body of women distinctly political, matters relating to politics and dealing with the government of women and chlldren cannot be conveniently directed to the proper authorities.

The Union, therefore, is a Women's unit, watching for opportunities to lead the country towards better conditions.

It is interesting to know that a Students' Hostel was started after joining forces with the Christian Council. Some of the members, who visited the Mental Hospital, Angoda, feeling that separate provision should be made for mentally-deficient children, urged upon Government the necessity for providing a separate ward for these unfortunates. The building of small Maternity Homes attached to the existing Welfare Centres in Colombo was another problem that was urged during the last few months. Other activities included the "Censorship of Films", the establishment of a National Orphanage, Land-colonisation for long-term prisoners, synchronizing of school vacations, and the teaching of *House-craft* in vernacular schools.

The Union is affiliated to the *International Alliance of Women for Suffrage and Equal Citizenship*, which provides many opportunities for being in touch with the world's activities. A steady correspondence is kept up and literature is received on various subjects.

In June, the co-operation of the Union was sought in a movement to remove disabilities in the nationality of married women. In October, it nominated a representative to the *Economic Conference* that was organised by the *League of Nations*.

The Union is also affiliated to the Women's Indian Association of Madras.

(8) The Second Eastern Women's Rights Congress in Persia.

This congress, under the presidentship of the Queen of Persia, who sent a personal representative, has shewn once again, and that too very forcibly, how

well the Feminist movement has been advancing in the East. The Mohammedan populations of Persia, Afghanistan, Iraq, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, sent their representatives to the Congress; and every important question almost of women's rights was discussed during the five days of meeting. One of tne chief points was the education of girls and children, some of the problems being the compulsory education of girls, the equalisation of the curriculum for girls in graded schools with that of boys, the opening of co-educational institutions for adolescents, the Montessori system of kindergartens, the opening of child-welfare schools, and the need of getting education in Western countries. Equality was claimed for women, in society, divorce, marriage laws, personal status, civil and political rights, franchise and public government work. Social reform movements were also touched on, such as maternal welfare movements, temperance, birth-control, the rescue of fallen women etc., and urgent warnings were issued against undue Westernisation in manners and customs.

All well-wishers of India will rejoice at this forward movement among her Islam women, even while deprecating the fact that that advance is still almost completely limited to the upper, the more educated and the more leisured classes. Many good Western ideas have filtered through, however, and Turkey has led the fashion in introducing the new civilization. Persia has advanced together with Turkey, weight being given to the reforms by command of the Dictator. It was a pity that Afghanistan held back.

(9) Report of the commission of enquiry on traffic in women and children in the East.

The League of Nations has just issued this report.

The Commision which went to the East was composed of Mr. Basoom JOHNSON (United States), Chairman, Mme. Alma SUNDQUIST (Sweden), and M. Karol PINDOR (Poland). The Commission left Europe in October, 1930 and returned in March 1932, after visiting Japan, China, Hong-Kong Macao, the Philippine Islands, Indo-China, Netherlands, East Indies, Straits Settlements, the Federated and non-federated Malay States, Siam, India, Ceylon, Persia, Iraq, the territories of the Levant under French mandate, and Palestine.

The general part of the report, which was drawn up by M. Pindor, studies the traffic, grouping the victims by races, and examines the position of Western women. It shows that in the Middle and Far East these women seek only Western men as their clients, as opposed to the Near East, where they also accept native clients. It then describes the position of Russian women victims of the international traffic in the Far East. There are exiles and refugees as a result of the events in Russia. Part of these unfortunate women, deprived of every means of livelihood, are lost in the lonely districts of Manchuria, where, in exchange for their upkeep, they practise prostitution.

More or less large numbers of Chinese victims of the traffic are to be found in all the territories of the Far East to the South of China and in the Middle East as far West as India. The report studies the social conditions that go to help the recruiting of these Chinese women and gives much information on the subterfuges used by the traffickers in various Eastern ports.

The women of the Philippine Islands and the Anamite women in Indo-China do not appear to be victims of the international traffic. Cases of traffic in Malay women are almost non-existent. Very few Hindu, Persian, Arab or Jewish women are victims of the international traffic.

The report insists on the necessity for international co-operation and suggests the creation of central authorities in each country to receive information concerning the traffic in women and children and exchange this information with each other. Licensed houses form the surest market for international traffickers and their suppression would

make it possible to attack the evil at its root.

The enquirers recommend collaboration between the authorities and missions and private organisations. They consider that the further spread of education will help to strengthen the campaign against the traffic.

(10) Women in the Soviet Union.

We learn that on the 20th anniversary of the International Women's day, the Soviet government awarded orders of merit to women for efficient public work. We are told that "a net-work of cultural and social institutions has made it possible for women to leave tedious and stupefying domestic hearths and become active participants in the labour and struggles of the Soviet." This matter makes one think. Why should "domestic hearths" be dubbed "tedious and stupefying?" Do we wish for such a situation in India? Certainly not, if we may judge by general opinion; and necessarily not, if we may go by tradition. The Madras Mail asks whether the position of women under the communist regime in Russia has improved or deteriorated, and comes to the conclusion that probably it has improved in practical ways. The working mother is treated better than her type anywhere else. Women are also proving their efficiency as a basis for their claim to equality with men. At the same time, however, "in the industrial towns at any rate, the family as a unit is tending to disappear; marriage tends to be regarded as a purely biological function, and the children are brought up to ignore that there is any such thing as home?" Is this advisable, or desirable?

THE BOAT RACE

Each nation has its own great days when the majority of its population comes out to have a real good time. England has her share, among which is the annual Boat-Race between the two univerties of Oxford and Cambridge. This race, is extremely interesting and exciting to those who are keen followers of the science of rowing, but to the average Londoner it is of no real importance, because he is ignorant of the finer points of the sport. Of the thousands who line the banks from Putney to Mortlake for hours on end to see about forty seconds of rowing, some consider themselves followers of Cambridge, others think that they are followers of Oxford, and all wear the respective hues of blue; yet at heart, they have not come to watch two crews race over a four-mile course, but to see 'a little bit of England in her best humour.'

It was rather a dull day when I woke up with every intention of seeing the Boat-Race from Hammersmith; the crowd, which on such occasions as this seems to have been congregated for ever so long a time, was the same mass of surging good-humour, which foreigners soon recognise in England. There was no notice taken of any one.

Punch and Judy shows were stationed nearly every hundred yards or so, and those ever-living characters were drawing crowds, of which even a 'non-stop-variety-entertainment' might well be envious. The unfortunate 'Tobies' yelped when required, but for the greater part of the time, they were watching with bitterness other dogs enjoying themselves in fetching sticks and such like objects from the surface of the river. There were philanthrophic vendors of every description, each trying to shout his rival down. One amazing man was selling what he called 'real gold watches' for the ridiculous sum of six pence. Another promised to be able to turn eggs into ten shilling notes, a useful man to have about the house. Another boasted of the ability of turning himself into a 'Bunsen Burner', if the audience would only wait until he had collected a fortune of thirty copper pennies. The

whole bank was crowded witd performances of feats of skill anh strength, in which the average English crowd seems to take a delight.

After walking some distance along the bank, I was able to get quite a commanding position in the third row, and there I spent three hours waiting for the annual exhibition of rowing. The crowd round about indulged in a light lunch of sandwiches and liquid refreshments of various descriptions. The hours soon passed away, and when the time for the start of the race came, I was feeling quite as fresh as ever.

Gradually as four o'clock approached, the river was cleared for the race. Tugs of immense magnitude seemed to have disappeared, and barges of joyous folk were being pulled alongside the shore. The tide was higher than ever, and whenever one of the heavier police-launches went by, huge waves broke on to the embankment. The philanthropists and vendors exerted themselves with more vigour in order to raise a fortune in copper. Although still cloudy, the sky was peppered with aeroplanes, and an occasional gyroscopic contrivance could be seen floating about. Every person, as well as animals and motor-vehicles, had a ribbon or something to indicate their colours.

At four o'clock precisely, the race started with the crash of a gun. The two flags opposite, displaying the two shades of blue, which so far had been only objects of little importance, now became the centre of attention. Every one had his eyes on them, and cheered or looked morose as they went up or down. Suddenly, there was great excitement lower down the river and gradually the two crews could be seen pulling viciously at their oars. It was a magnificent display of perfect discipline. After these extraordinarily small boats, dashed a tremendous crowd of light motor-launches containing 'old blues' by the score, who completely obstructed the view. The waves created made the barges alongside the bank roll considerably, and some of the passengers turned a nasty hue and retreat hurriedly below. When the crews had passed us, the flags again became the centre of interest until the dark-blue one was finally lowered which signified that Cambridge had won. The wireless broad-caster, after having worked himself into a terrific frenzy, panted out 'Good-bye everybody' in a breathless voice.

Everyone immediately went away after the finish, some homewards and so to tea, others to Piccadilly Circus where they knew that the undergraduates of the rival 'Varsities' would soon try to seize police-helmets. The spirit of London only said to herself 'that's over' and began to prepare for the revels of the Cup-final.

'YOUNG INDIAN'

A CONFERENCE OF INDIA'S WOMEN

It is not to be surprised at that at a time, when the needs of India are so patent and when the young generation is waking up, various women's societies should meet together in conference and assemble not only their committees, but also their Members for inspiration, information and instruction. Social work today is a science; it is not enough to wash a baby's sores, something must be done to improve the conditions which produce the sores! It is not sufficient to try and cure rickets, instruction regarding food necessary to build up the constitution of mother and child must be given. It is not enough to give two mornings a week to distribute milk and apply linaments to wounds, we must, day in and day out, if God has put us in better circumstances, try and think out the problems of poverty and unemployment and agricultural depression and think of ways and means and suggestions to the

Legislature and Municipalities as to how to avoid the recurrence of these evils. Let us remember the old definition of Jonah, one of the apostles of Christianity:" "Pure Religion and undefiled is to visit the widow and the fatherless and to keep yourself unspotted from the world". Worldly motives have often taken men into municipal and political life for self-advancement, for notoriety and not for the beneficent purpose of making it possible for men and women to live in better surroundings and to bring peace and concord into the world.

I have even heard people say, "if there were no poor in the world how should I obtain merit ? How should I gain the reward for unselfishness or charity?" What a low conception of any humanitarian service which we may feel called to give !

The poet, Bridges, pictures the spirit of man as "a chariot speeding twixt Earth and Heaven,

Drawn by winged horses, and the Charioteer thereon

Upright with eyes upon the goal and mind alert,

Controlling his strong steeds that spurned the drifting cloud,

As now. they sank and mounted on their heavenward flight."

The poet goes on to say:—

"The names of the two horses are *Selfhood* and *Breed.*

The charioteer is *Reason*, and the whip in hand

Is not to urge on the steeds, nor to incite to blood;.........

He wieldelth it to make them ware of his presence.

And hold them obedient to *the reign of his will.*"

As I read these words, it flashed into my mind that this is why our days are days of Conferences. Reason must curb natural instincts, whether of self or breed and a conference properly conducted gives an opportunity for the play of reason. Men may say satirically, "Women talk." But we say, "Women think", and it is the action of reason and thinking that we bring to play on each other that constitutes the import of conferences. A conference to be really practical must, again to use the words of the poet, not consist of one breed. True service is mutual; service, whether of hand or brain, is of one to the other, not a charity, nor a condescension.

Actuated by these thoughts I came to India to attend the Quadrennial Conference of the Y. W. C. A., as the oldest promoter now living of the Young Women's Christian Association of India, Burma and Ceylon. I was not allured, as many are, by the beauties of Ootacamund, but wished to ascend, with one hundred and three accredited delegates, "the hill of happiness", Anandagiri, now known throughout India as the meeting-place of girls and women of all creeds and races. It was a pleasure to sit under the presidency of an Indian Woman, whose career, I have watched since she was a little girl living in England, but truly Indian in all her likings. She used to accompany me when intent on social work, in which we feel all students should take a part, to the Y. W. C. A. Clubs in the slums, and so got into personal touch with the lives of the uneducated, which it is one of the objects of the Young Women's Christian Assocation to improve.

The subject of the Quadrennial Conference was "Our Responsibility in a changing world", and we had the advantage of the presence of the World's Y.W.C.A. General Secretary, who is now on a visit to the East and has just returned from China and Japan, where our movement is entirely in the hands of Chinese and Japanese Women, helped through the generous sympathy of the U. S. A by many of its finest women sent to work under the Chinese Committee. She said that she had found that the Y. W. C. A. had a true international mission in the world, for the Japanese women are willing to attend a conference in China even at a time when they are politically at variance

Whether the Chritian spirit and purpose of these women will be able to overcome the political and warlike propensities of the leaders and military rulers of these two countrles remains to be seen, but the international Christian purpose of the Y. W. C. A. will not be fulfilled until the women of the East come in larger numbers as single individuals or as delegates to make their contribution to a World's conference.

The subject, "A changing world", was illustrated forcibly to me, when I compared the Quadrennial Conference over which I had been called on to preside in Calcutta in 1912, and this. That Conference consisted mainly of Anglo-Indians and foreign delegates resident in the country, some of whom indeed had made it their home; was arranged by leaders from abroad; for although Bengali, Mahratti, Tamil and Urdu Branches existed from the early beginning of the National Association in 1891, women save for a few leading ones like the Sorabjis, Bhores and Ramabai, were mostly in purdah or kept in a kind of purdah-outlook, by their men-folk.

When I tell your free and independent students, who come unchaperoned to London, of this conference, they will hardly believe that the changed world into which they have been born was otherwise, so short a time as twenty years ago.

One of the objects of a Y. W. C. A. Quadrennial Conference is to review the past Quadrennium, and to vote for the necessary changes in the next, and to find out what are the things that do not change but that are eternal. To Quote the poet, Bridges, again:

"Ideas and influences spiritually discerned

Are of their essence pure: but in the lot of man

Nothing is wholly pure; yet all hindrance to good—be good and evil two in love, or one in strife—,

"Maketh occasion for it, by contrast heightening,

"By challenge arousing virtue to act."

EMILY KINNAIRD.

THE PYKARA WORKS

The opening of the Pykara hydro-electric scheme has put me in mind of my visit to the place about a year ago. The grand scenery of India is at all times apparent; but the intrinsic beauty of its natural surroundings can only be properly understood when one goes on a tour from one out-of-the-way place to another. That India has stupendous natural resources, unexploited and unharnessed, can easily be understood. When therefore, some part of this wonderful source is being tapped for the use of humanity, great interest is aroused.

We were lucky enough to be near the Pykara falls during our camp, and we took the opportunity of visiting the Singara Estate, where the Power-house is situated.

Our way lay through an elephant forest; but, though we saw evidences of their passage in broken trees, torn-off branches and trampled undergrowth, no glimpses of the monsters themselves were vouchsafed us and we were told that at that time of day all animals were wont to rest in the interior depths of the forest. The driver of our car told us that once at night he had seen as many as forty elephants, which had decamped hurriedly by his switching off and on his lights. We were also informed that there was a rogue elephant about!

We passed a little temple, dedicated to the Goddess Masini Amma, from whom the village there takes its name. In that village, centuries before, there had been an ancient Hindu King, the remains of whose fortresses and castles could yet be seen in ruins on the hills. As we progressed on our way, first bearing away from, and then approaching

the heights, there could also be seen the whole gradient of the Pykara scheme, starting from the watch-tower at the top and falling away apparently towards the power-house at the foot. This latter was of concrete built around steel girders. There was also a huge *transformery* structure, which with its rugged surroundings of unfinished and progressing work looked very picturesque. We had hoped to be taken to the top and back again in trucks of the haulage railway, but we were stopped at the second station, because women were not allowed to go up the last half, which was very steep!

Anyhow, we were glad to be sent up even so far. As the electric winch drew up our trolly on its iron cable, we moved slowly and laboriously. The magnificent panorama of rolling hills and dales, spreading downs and valleys, velvety *sholahs* and splendid forests, fell away before us in lessening terraces. We were simply thrilled and longed to go up higher; but there we were, hedged in by the eternal inferiority, and, if you like. the helpless fragility, of the weaker sex! All around us were huge pipes, some of them already rivetted together; cement earth works were in construction, small machines and engines were at work, and men and women toiled up and down with loads and bundles. It was an inspiring sight indeed!

There were really two schemes at work, we were told, the Glen Morgan scheme and the Pykara scheme, the former being really an auxiliary scheme to supply power for the construction of the bigger project. There was a temporary plant at work, which was already supplying power to Conoor, Ootacamund, to various tea estates in the Nilgiris and to Coimbatore Eventually, Erode, Salem, Caliout, Pollachi, and the Ana-malais areas would be reached. The estimated cost within ten years of operation would be enormous.

At the beginning, about 3000 workmen had been employed, but were fewer later and would not be many when the scheme was finished. A special train was really required to carry some of the engines and machines from the Mettupalayam Railway Station, as there would be only an inch or two to spare for passage on either side of the railway truck. In this connection, I must not forget to mention the huge Scammell Lorry, 40 feet by 10 feet, up at the top station, which could carry a ten-ton load of pipes, and before which a pilot car had always to go to announce the approach of the monster!

The Pykara river with its falls to the North-West of the Nilgiri Plateau, capable of tremandous horse-power, is dammed and diverted into a huge reservoir, from which two huge high-pressure pipes, varying in diameter from 27 inches at the top to 31 inches at the bottom, lead down at a steep gradient of about 4 miles, through buttresses and escapements, into a power-house at the bottom. There the generated enormous force of water would work huge dynamos, which would eventually supply the great electric power needed.

A huge scheme indeed, well worked-out, well planned and deserving great success. *A visitor.*

THE HIMALAYAS

Now that the ascent of the highest peak in the Himalayas is anticipated so eagerly, it will be interesting to know something of the birth of that stupendous range, the highest in the world. In ancient Indian mythology, as we know, the Himalayan mountain is described as the father of Uma, the bride of Siva. It was the residence of the Gandharvas, those half-divine beings, who were so much associated with the romance of old myths: in it was the peak Kailasa, the home of the great God, Siva; and from it was

brought the medicinal plant with which Hanuman raised Lakshmana from death to life.

The scientific origin of the Himalayas is interesting; and from an account of it in St. Paul's College Magazine, I take the following: Two hemispheres of this earth existed from the earliest geological times; one to the north called the European Continent and the other to the south called Gandwana land. Unbroken land connection, it was believed, existed, where now are the oceans. The two great spheres were divided by the Tethys ocean, which was the old name of the Mediterranean, which once flowed over the Himalayas and the Alps. Many portions of this great sea began to subside in the form of troughs, into which sediments were loaded by the great rivers. The ocean-bed began to sink. At the same time, the Gondwana hemisphere was split up by volcanic eruptions, and much of it sank beneath the sea. The rest became separated into India (Deccan), Africa, Malay Archipelago and Australia, by oceans.

The adjustment of the land thus caused began to lead to pressure and instability in other parts, in order to restore equilibrium. Some parts were more stable than others. Peninsular India became a rigid and steady block: against it the sediments accumulated in the Tethys began to be squeezed by pressure from the North. Being flexible, they were folded and piled till the ocean bed rose ever higher, and then the water fell away. This upheaval occurred in several phases and at long intervals; and the result was the highest chain of mouutains on the earth, the latest of these being the Sivalik hills The fossils found in the Himalayan area speak of its origin from the oceanic bed. It is expected that other upheavals will take place and that parallel ranges will be formed, the process continuing till the highest elevation is reached. Then denudation may come and cut down the Himalayas to sea-level, perhaps when no "men" are left on earth, or at least when the human beings then existing will be quite different from us, their ancestors.

OBSERVATIONS

COURTING

When modern woman is claiming equality with men, has she thought of whether she ought to propose marriage, as men do ? It is not always *leap-year*, you know. Yet, imagine two or three women running round one desirable man, proposing marriage! Rather a horrible idea, isn't it ?

Yet it will come to that, I suppose. As a matter of fact, in India, an eligible man is proposed to, but only by parents !

Courting by even men was not countenanced till recently in India.

Mr. Anantaramayya Sastri tells us the following about courting in India. Kalidasa put into the mouth of a disciple words which would make out that *courting* is courting disaster.

There are very few stories of courting in Sanskrit, except in dramas where even a pre-puberty marriage is changed into a post-puberty one, as in *Janakee Parinaya* for the sake of the dramatic plot. Most of what are known as *Swayamvaras* are not necessarily marriages with courting. Nala courted Damayanti only through a swan and in his disguise as a messenger, wherein he could not be his own advocate. Indumati chose Raghu indeed. But, in the case of Sita and Droupadi, it was Hobson's choice". Rukmini chose Krishna *with a vengeance*. There was no courting in Krishna's other marriages either. Subhadra married Arjuna, her cousin. She drew a picture of Arjuna, as Dushyanta did of Sakuntala and as the heroine of the Tamil Drama, Kalavati, did of the hero; but it is only too plain in the play that the occasions

were rare when the portrait of the hero was looked at by the heroine. Subhadra asks it "why it should be looked at;" the servant-maid answering that it was for thè pleasure of her mistress herself.

Courting is so rare indeed in Indian stories that Chandu Menon in his novel, *Indulekha*, has consciously given it large space. It has also to be admitted that courting is now more prevalent in Kerala than in other parts of India.

Speaking of new works, Tekkekunnattu Kalyani Kutti Amma has published a story in verse, which would again go to show that women have no knack of choosing aright.

Avvai, the tamil poetess, is not for child-marriage but is not for wooing either.

UGLY FACTS OF LIFE

The other day, I was reading a novel in which a mother tried to hide from her children ugliness in life and rude reality. It was another case of Prince Siddharta, before he became the Buddha. But the mother failed, for not only did the real truths of life come as unsettling shocks to her children; but also the latter found themselves unfitted for them. Taught that the obtaining of material happiness and peace of mind was the only aim in life, they tried to shirk all evil consequences of thoughtless deeds; they forgot that life meant service to others as well as to themselves. "They had been kept happy in a nursery and school-room paradise, with pain and sorrow and sin shut out. Well now, they were just not going to let these things into their lives."………… …………"There is nothing so old and implacable as that resentment of the undisciplined against those, who seem to be keeping away from them the happiness, which they have come to expect as a right. This feeling would atrophy tenderness and pity, then comes the next stage, the cruel desire to pass on some of the hurt."………………"They had the eager restless challenging look of those who feel themselves in a confined space, and are determined to fight for their share of food and fun and air,—as if they could not afford to wait or to miss a single sensation because life was so short."…………… ………"She was one with the resentful, cheated millions, who have been told that perfect happiness is obtainable in this world if only material circumstances are well-managed."…… …………"When he thought all chance of happiness in life had been taken away, he could not bear it; could not face the thought of being unhappy."

UNSELFISHNESS!

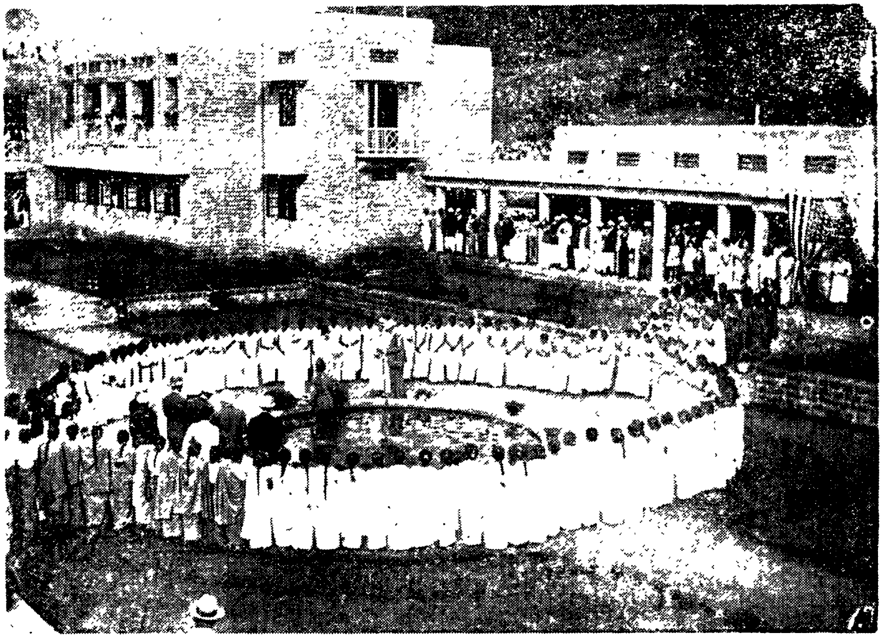
I was surprised to read the other day of the great misery due to *unselfihness!* Yet it is true in a way. The children of a doting mother may grow up to be selfish husbands and wives. An unselfish wife may cause a helpless husband; and *vice versa*. And so on. Moreover, every one has a right to consider himself or herself in many ways, for "self-interest is a potent motive force in life." A wife or a husband may need peace and quiet very often by themselves, even though their family may think them selfish. And why not? And what about those religious people who seek salvation for their own souls? Yet is not the very effort to pretend to be selfish, when there is a longing to be unselfish, the very *acme* of altruism? So, the fact remains that, in spite of evil, which necessitates further evil, *the ideal of true* selflessness can be kept intact and absolutely clear.

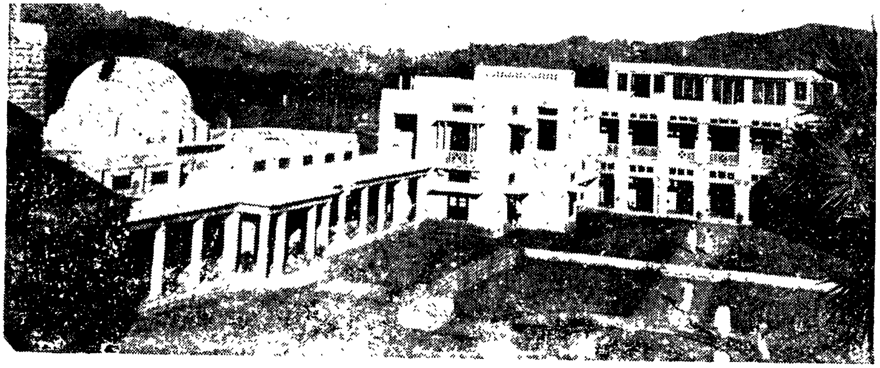
NATURAL ?

There is so much luxury in the world now, so much condoned immorality, so much laxity of standards, so much lowering of aims. And yet, all is excused by the plea that we are natural. The beasts of the earth are also natural!

MAITHILI.

TWO PICTURES OF THE MEDICAL SCHOOL, VELLORE.





NETRA BANDEKAR

BOOKS YOU OUGHT TO READ

Indian women and art in life, by K. H. Vakil; Taraporevala Sons and Co., Bombay; price Rs. 2.

The author speaks of art in Indian homes as the special study of women, and wishes to have "a rational approach to the appreciation of the heritage and future of Indian art." The book is a valuable one, in spite of too much criticism and the dearth of good illustrations; for it demands that art should not be undertaken "for art's sake," but should be faithful to life.

"The Mahilamithram", Kottayam.

This is an excellent Anglo-vernacular Monthly with a good educative aim. It is ably edited by Miss Anna John, M. A., L. T., B. Sc. (London) and caters to the needs and tastes of women. The last number contains articles of interest and instruction and many good pictures. It is a periodical, which should be widely read by women and all those who are interested in their welfare. The competitions arranged and advertised by the Editor are encouraging. Considering the good get-up and standard, the subscription of Rs. 2/8 per year is not at all too much.

K. P. P. TAMPY.

OUR CINEMA PAGE

At the Cinema a few days ago, I saw a picture of a ship going to lonely stations at Christmas time, just to bring a little joy and cheer to people, who have lived, through duty, far-away from friends and relatives. What a noble ideal of spiritual service this is !

Another time, I saw a picture of a good woman. Lily Christine, old-fashioned in a way, modest, self-respecting, moral, yet caught into a whirl of intrigue, of which she had no idea at all at the beginning. How are the innocent caught by the wily ! What can they do against deceit, which is incomprehensible to them? Yet, a narrow but sure pathway may be found, as it was by Lily Christine, when the spirit keeps unswerving on its ideals, seeking not merely its own good, but the good of others.

Looking at the advertisements of the film of *Sati-Savitri*, I have unaccountably felt depressed. Analysing my feeling to myself, I came to the conclusion that my unease was due to the word *Sati*. I am loath to discourage, of course, the ideal of "wife-devotion," which is the basis of a *Sati*. But, I have often felt the futility of such an ideal alone, when it is not united with other ideals of self-culture. Our Indian women are recognised *Pativratas* (devoted to husbands). All honour to them ! May they long be so; for they uphold one of our traditional standards. But does not the idea of submission alone conduce to much inferiority in modern days? The point here is that, if a woman takes it as her only aim in life to be true to her husband, is she fulfilling her whole duty? Does she not owe some duty to others? Is she not a public unit, as well as a family unit?

Ought she not therefore to educate herself and to find leisure for outside service as well? She ought: and yet even in the exigencies of such work she must be true to her ideal of husband-devotion.

But, if the latter presupposes an adherence to unwortly standards and a disloyalty to correct duty, what then? What should our Indian woman do? I suggest that she should be truer to her own standard of duty than to her husband's.

What then about divorce? I wonder.

OUR CHESS PAGE

By Bharadwaja

I am selecting for this month one of A. Alekhin's best games for study.

French Defence.

White.	*Black.*
Dr. S. Tarrasch	A. Alekhin.
1. P—K 4	P—K 3
2. P—Q 4	P—Q 4
3. Kt—QB 3	Kt—KB 3

The variation 4. P x P, PxP; 5. B—Kt 5 brings white no advantage at all after 5.........Kt—KB 3, which is favoured by the author and was successfully tried elsewhere.

4. ...	B—Kt 5

5 PxP This variation has gradually fallen into disuse of late years.

5. P—K 5	P—Kr 3
6. B—Q 2	B x Kt
7. P x B	Kt—K 5
8. Q—Kt 4	K—B 1 !

9. P—K R 4 ! etc., Here too black disposes of *sufficient* resources from the defensive point of view. Interesting too is the following continuation :—

9. ...	B—K 2
10. P—KKt 3 !	P—QB 4

(10) B—B 3 would be better.

11. Kt P x P...	
12. P—R 5 !	P x Kt.
13. P—R 6	P x P
14. R—Kt 1	Q—R 4 (Ch)
15. K—K 2	Q x P
16. P—R 7	Q x R
17. P x R Q (ch)	K—Q 2
18. Q x BP	Q x P Ch
19. K—B 3	Kt—B 8 !
20. Q (Kt 4) x P ch	K—B 2
21. Q—B 4 ch	K—Kt 3
22. Q (K6)—K3 Ch	B—B 4
23. P—Kt 8—Q	P—Kt 8—Q
24. R—R 6 ! !	Q x B
24. ...	Q x B
25. Q—Kt 4 ch	Q—Kt 4
26. Q—Q 8 ch	K—R 3
27. Q (K3)—R3 ch. and mate in two moves	

This game is worth study in all its aspects and is highly commended.

A LAGGARD LOVER

"I once heard a rhyme, I forgot who 'twas by,
Concerning a curate, one Julian Fry;
I can't quite remember how the rhyme ran,
But this is the way that I think it began.

This curate we speak of, this Julian Fry,
On a maiden named Myrtle had long set his eye;
And she for her part, I may venture to say,
Was more than prepared to meet him halfway.

But, alas, in her presence, his courage ebbed out,
Though she wished to assist him, there isn't a doubt,
But all was in vain, for whenever he tried
To propose to the maid, his tongue, it was tied.

One night they were sitting playing at CHESS
(Their skill at the game could not have been less),
Before very long, the men were all gone,
Excepting the Kings, but still they played on.

At length poor Miss Myrtle looked up from the play,
Annoyed without doubt at her lover's delay,
"It seems" murmured she "that for ever we're fated,
TO BE LIKE THE KINGS, AND NEVER GET MATED ! ! " "

(H. T. BLAND)

* All correspondence relating to chess should be addressed to Bharadwaja, C/o The Indian Ladies' Magazine, Madras.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS

As tennis is becoming more and more popular for Indian women, the problem of an appropriate costume for them to wear is becoming more and more acute.

Expert opinion re-iterates that first-class tennis cannot be played in a sari. Signorina Valerio was shocked at hearing that we do not wear frocks for tennis, and C. Ramaswami, in the *Field-Madras* says that many Indian women tennis players show great promise of improvement, but that it was a pity they insisted on wearing the sari.

Miss Leila Row, the only Indian woman who has achieved a standard of some merit in the game, wears a frock.

Many amateurs, however, who can play the game a little better than the average woman, feel that the sari does not hamper their play, and they insist on wearing it for tournaments. The fact remains, however, that these women, who do adhere to the Indian costume never seem to improve their game above a certain standard, and there is no doubt that they are very slow on their feet. The sari, then, must hamper their movements to a certain extent, besides being more bother than a frock.

What is to be the solution ? Indian women are definitely against wearing European dress, as they say it does not suit them, and they are too self-conscious and shy to appear in public in a foreign costume. Besides, they think it is not loyal to disown their own national costume.

Some players have solved the difficulty by wearing *pyjamas* such as those worn by women in the Punjab. This, they say, is Indian, as well as comfortable. It needs a great deal of courage, however, for South Indian women to play in public in such a costume, and this fashion has not found much favour in the eyes of tennis enthusiasts. Another costume worn by women players is a frock and a tiny sari on top of it. But one might as well wear a frock then!

The best costume, probably will be to wear a blouse and a fairly thick white skirt, well-shaped and comfortable, reaching about half-way between ankles and knees, and a thin half-sari on top, held in place at the waist with a gold belt. This costume indicates the modesty of the sari, besides giving the necessary comfort and scope for free-play.

If, however, Indian women persist in wearing the full sari, they should on no account wear heavy thick ones; but light thin cotton saris, falling well above the ankles, and loosely draped. The sari should also be pinned on the shoulder, and the loose end fastened some-where, so that it does not flap about, and hamper the movements of the player.

SISTER SUSIE.

HOUSE-HOLD HINTS

Entertainment is an art in itself, and to be the perfect hostess at a large party is indeed very difficult. I know a lady, who, although she had been accustomed to entertaining people all her life, felt fearfully nervous before the arrival of her guests, and always kept worrying and bothering herself about the perfect arrangement of every little detail, until her guests trooped in. Then, of course, being the ideal hostess, all things went like clock-work, and her guests always had a perfect time.

Another lady I knew always thought she had not enough refreshments, although she usually had enough to feed an army.

It is a strange fact, however, that it is usually those hostesses, who are inclined to be a little nervous of the success of their parties, who prove themselves ideal entertainers. Those women, who are complacent and placid, and never trouble too much about their arrangements to entertain their guests, usually fail as hostesses, and their parties are a bore.

It will be well for the hostess to remember a few points :—

1. Never invite guests, who are diametrically opposed to each other, to the same party. A sober and sedate old-fashioned gentleman or lady in the midst of flighty young creatures, will always be a damper, and one gloomy person in a jolly crowd ruins the whole show. The converse is also true. *i. e.* one modern young lady who is out to paint the town red, in the midst of a number of religious enthusiasts, will make every one in the room uncomfortable. I know a very young ultra-modern Indian woman, who was invited to a Purdah dinner, and who was so out of place that she left the room exclaiming loudly, "Oh, I'm so bored."

2. Always try to vary the kind of parties you have. There are some people who try to return their obligations by having parties at faily regular intervals, and never varying the programme It's always tea and tennis, or dinner and music, or some such routine. How much cosier it would be to have varied little parties, and invite guests to suit the occasion; for instance there would be no point in asking some one to dinner and bridge, if that person does not know how to play the game, and has to sit out and watch all the evening.

3. The great secret of a perfect hostess is to enjoy her party as much as the guest, and not to appear as if she is doing a duty, and as if she is longing for the party to be over. There are some hosteses who have charity parties; but who appear to be such martyrs all the time, that their attitude reacts on the guests; and, though the latter may be poor, they are conscious of this superiority complex on the part of their hostess, and long to get home.

4. Never make a difference among your guests. Some hostesses pander to position and pay court to a high official's wife all the time, leaving their other guests to look after themselves. The point is, why invite them if you are hardly going to take notice of them? They would much rather stay at home than suffer your patronage.

This is the age of parties, and a variety of parties at that, from the rollicking cock-tail pyjama screams to the sedate missionary tea. It is an ideal time for the born-entertainer to have free scope to practise her talents, and it is up to every hostess to be a perfect entertainer and to give her guests a thoroughly good time.

"*Paddy*"

COOKERY NOTES

Pineapple Omelet

7 eggs, ¾ cup grated cheese,
1 teaspoon salt, 1½ tablespoons butter,
3 tablespoons milk or cream, 1½ cups crushed pineapple.

Separate the eggs; beat the yolks with an egg-beater until fluffy. Add salt, milk or cream and cheese and continue beating until well-mixed. Melt the butter in an omelet pan or frying pan, tipping the pan so that the sides are buttered. Beat the egg-whites until stiff and fold in the yolk mixture. Pour into the frying pan and cook over a very low heat until nicely browned on the under-side. Then place in a moderate oven for about three minutes to dry

off the top. Meanwhile put the undrained pineapple into a saucepan and boil until thick. This takes about ten minutes. When the omelet is done, make a cut across the centre, turn pineapple on one side of omelet, fold over the other side and serve immediately.

Puffy Sandwich

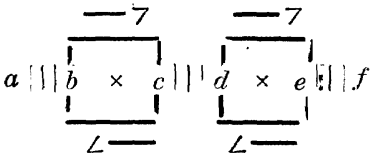
2 eggs, Grated yellow cheese,
Sliced bacon, 4 slices of bread.

Beat the two eggs and mix with enough grated yellow cheese to make a smooth paste. Spread on thick slices of bread and arrange bacon across the top. Broil until the bacon is done and the cheese-egg mixture puffy and lightly browned. Serve with thick slices of broiled tomato for a quick and delicious luncheon.—

From The Parent's Magazine

NEEDLE—WORK NOTES

Here is a pretty and unique design for a sari border. Work groups, each of three running stitches, into a length of strong and washable ribbon, in silk of a contrasting colour, taking the stitches under the material from group to group, taking care not to pull too hard, or ruck up material. Then, from group to group, take a strand of another colour, leaving loops; thus, pass the needle under three stitches, from *a* to *b*; then, leaving a loop upwards, go from *c* to *d*; again leaving a loop upwards of the same length go from *e* to *f*. Go right down to end of material; then turn and work back; thus, fasten at *f*, go under stitches to *e*, leave a loop down;



pass from *d* to *c*; leave anothtr downward loop; pass from *b* to *a*; fasten off. The loops can be held down later in the form of circles, squares, triangles or any other design, by minute stitches In the centre of the space formed, where x is marked, work a flower or a star with silk or spangles.

After the work is over, sew a piece of material, same as the sari, all along the border at the back to hide the evidence of work.

K S

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A TEMPLE IN KALAHASTI